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You might think that a country with 39 million cars and a production of 6,680,000 more every year would be able to supply all its needs. But the fact remains that since the war Nuffield products have become extremely popular in the U.S. and each has brought home much-needed hard currency to help Britain's vital balance of trade.

The reason for our success is simple. The U.S. does not produce anything in their class quite so good as, or quite like, those two Nuffield favourites, the Morris Minor and the M.G. Sports, which have formed the bulk of Nuffield's car exports to the Americas.

The American motorist, with the constant (and increasing) problem of crowded traffic and overcrowded parking-places, has been quick to see the advantage of these small and manoeuvrable quality-cars. He gives full marks to their quick getaway from the lights and their ability to "park on a dime." And he doesn't exactly object to their running-economy either. Despite the rising cost of petrol, he doesn't have to dig so deeply into his pocket.

Before 1945, it was unusual to see a British car on the American roads. Nowadays, when one of these Nuffield thoroughbreds slips out of the car-park and across the green lights, it seems to have become an established part of the kaleidoscopic American scene.



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CHROMIUM

THE only workable source of the element chromium is chromite, a compound of chromium, iron and oxygen mined in Russia, Africa and Turkey. Chromium is known everywhere as the plating on taps, hardware and motor fittings, but it has other and more important applications. Alloyed with steel, for example, it imparts superior strength and surface hardness, and it is from chromium that stainless steel derives its resistance to corrosion. As well as being the source of chromium, crude chromite ore is used to make heat-resisting firebricks and cements for the construction of furnaces. Chromium derives its name from the Greek “*χρῶμα*”, meaning colour,

because its compounds are almost always coloured. Known as chrome pigments, some of these — the chromates of lead, zinc and barium for example — are used extensively for colouring paints, linoleum, rubber and ceramics. Chromium sulphate is important in tanning, and potassium dichromate in the dyeing of wool, silk and leather. Other chromium compounds are used in photography and in the manufacture of safety matches.

I.C.I. makes a complete range of chrome pigments for the paint, linoleum and rubber

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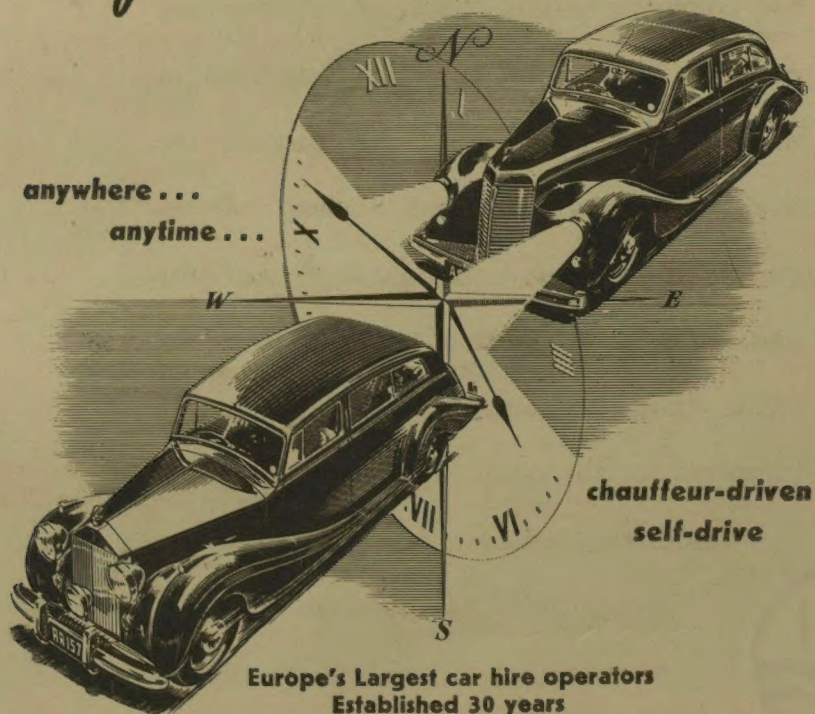


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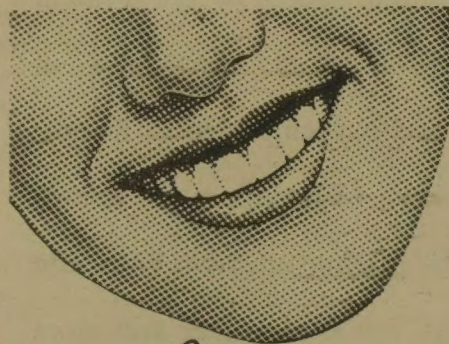
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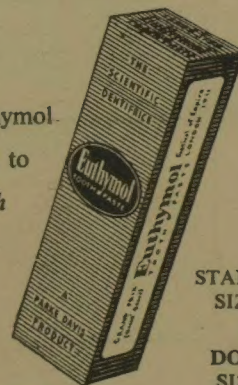
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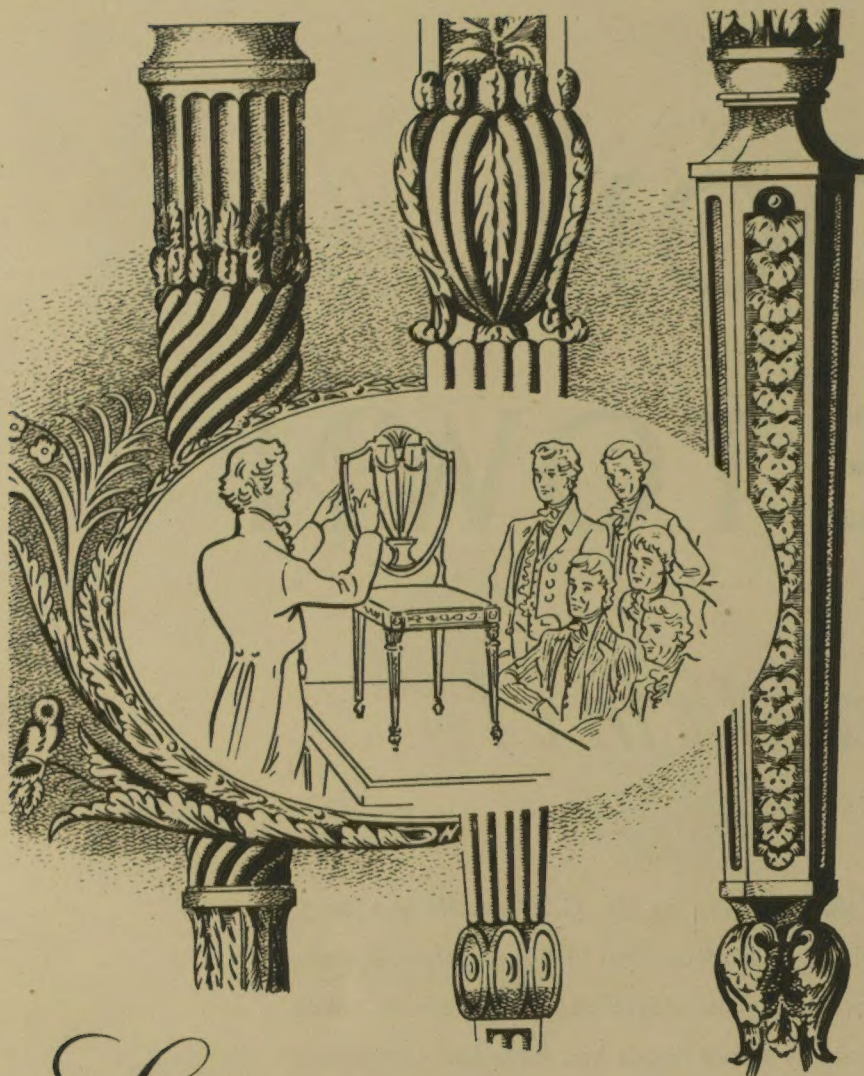
& MR. J. BULMAN

A Hillman Minx Saloon, driven by Mr. G. Hinchliffe and Mr. J. Bulman, reached Cape Town from Pall Mall, London in 21 days, 19 hours and 45 minutes. This magnificent achievement, made in the face of extremely heavy floods and bad road conditions, cuts no less than 2 days 5 hours off the previous fastest time—made by a much bigger car.



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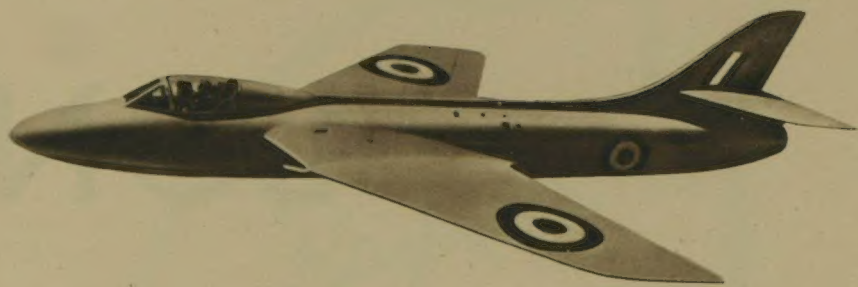


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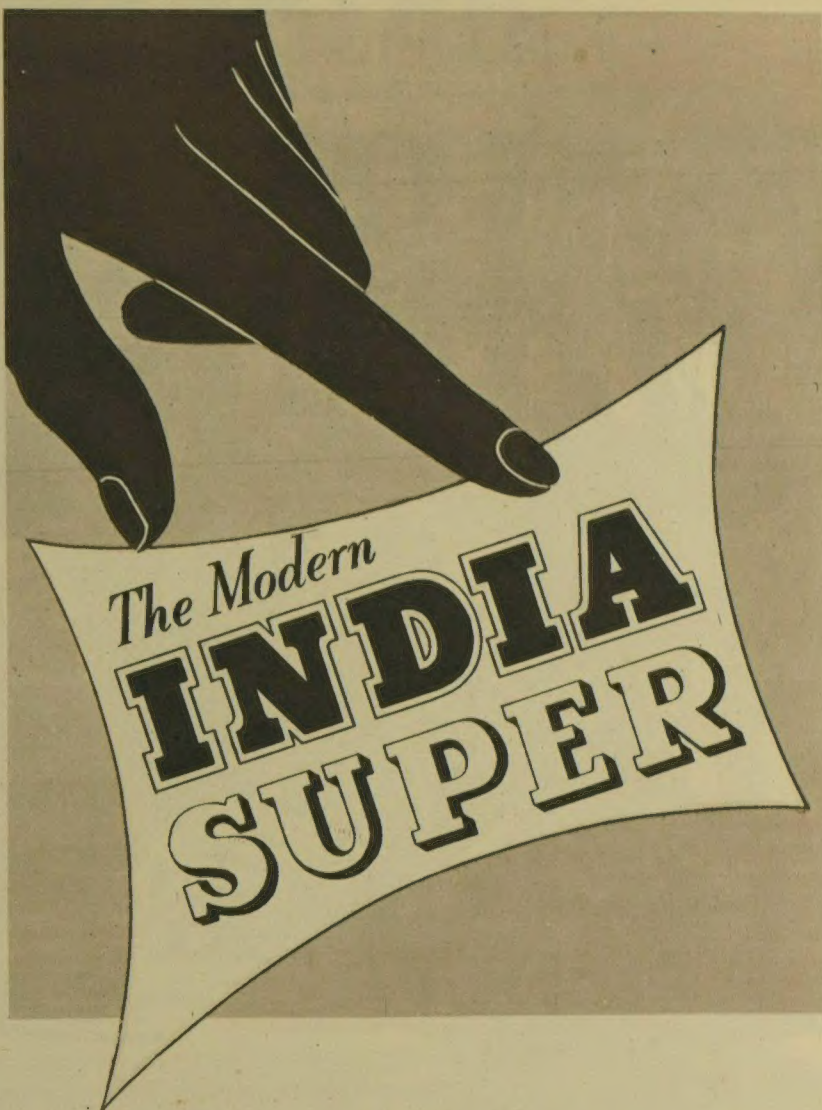
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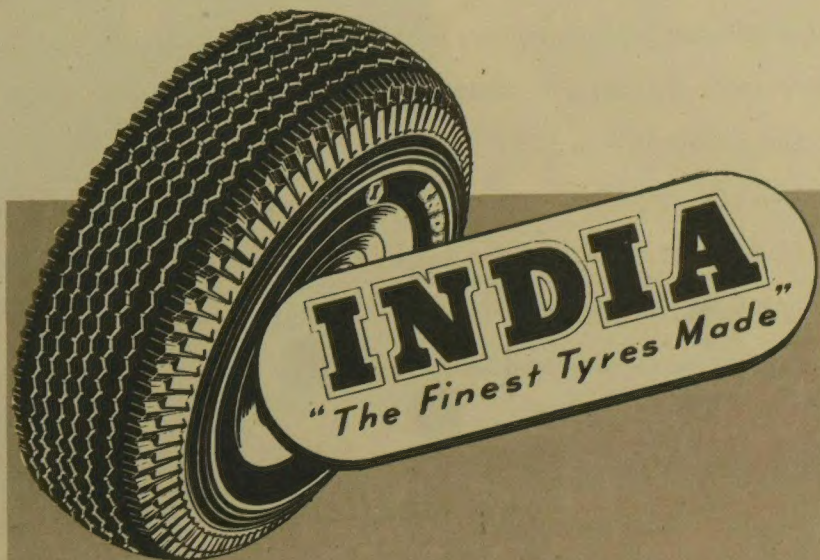
Good fare can be appreciated more after a glass of DRY FLY SHERRY. It is the best appetizer at cocktail time.

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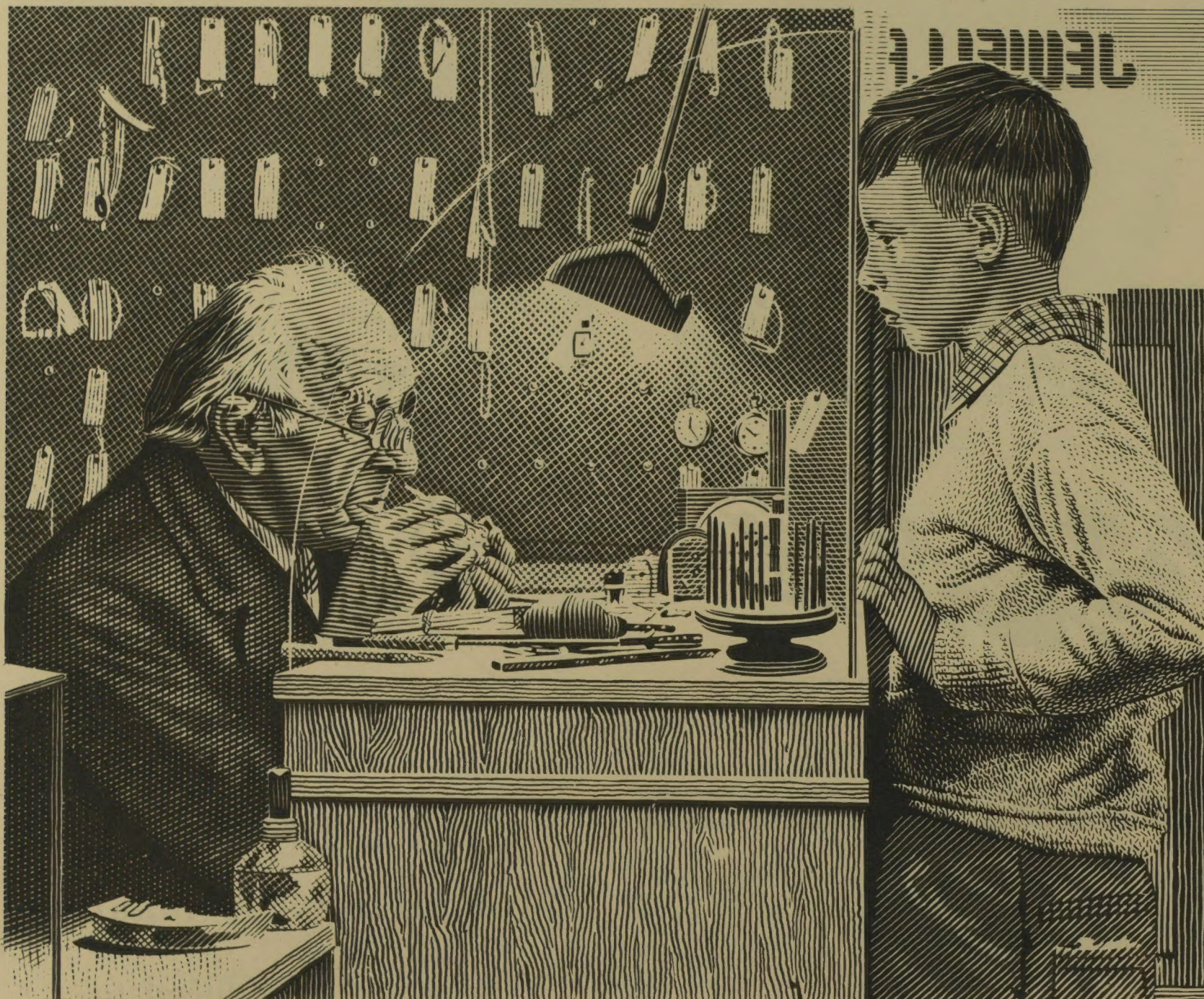
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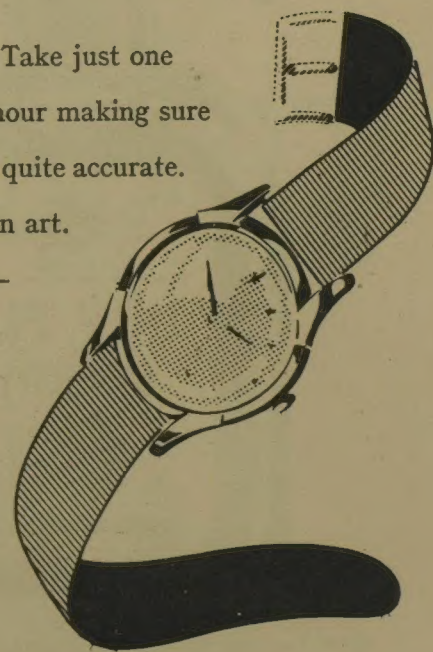


"Careful does it, young man!"

Your jeweller could tell you a lot about the care that goes into a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch. Take just one example. A Swiss watchmaker with half a lifetime's skill at his fingertips will spend more than an hour making sure that a single jewel's position on the lever is right to a hairsbreadth. For if it isn't, that watch won't be quite accurate.

But this care of hand and eye is only half the Swiss story. Watchmaking is a science as well as an art. And if ever a delicate new instrument, an ingenious electronic device, can help the handcraftsman—the Swiss adopt it—in fact it's generally they who invent it!

When you choose such a piece of skilled work as a good Swiss watch, choose with the help of a skilled adviser. Your jeweller will turn watch technicalities into ordinary language. And remember, whatever good Swiss watch you buy, your jeweller will hold himself responsible for its accuracy *all the years you own it.*



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1952.



THE SPLIT IN THE LABOUR PARTY: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN (SECOND FROM L.) WITH HIS LEADING SUPPORTERS, MR. HAROLD WILSON (L.), AND (L. TO R.) MR. MIKARDO, MR. TOM DRIBERG AND MRS. BARBARA CASTLE.

A clash has occurred between the Official Labour Party and Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his group. Last year, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Wilson and Mr. John Freeman resigned on the Defence Programme inaugurated by the Labour Government. On March 4, at a Parliamentary Labour Party meeting, Mr. Bevan's group refused to accept the amendment to the Government's Defence motion, which accepted the programme, but challenged the Conservative Government's capacity. In the debate on March 5, they abstained from voting; and then further defied their leaders by refusing to abstain on the motion "that this House approves the Statement on

Defence 1952"; and registering their votes against the policy inaugurated by their Party. A special meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party was arranged for March 11. On the previous day the Parliamentary Committee of the Party were expected to decide whether the rebels would be asked to submit or to risk expulsion. Mr. Bevan, who, on March 9, defended his action in a speech to his constituents, denied that he had disunited the Party. He has called for a meeting of the National Executive of the Labour Party. Our photograph shows some of his principal supporters. Fifty-seven members voted against the Defence Programme.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A DOG in London sees a lot of history, even a dull dog. And whatever his master may be—and writers, particularly historians, are notoriously dull—my dog is never dull, even when condemned by that master's unaccountable activities to forgo the very sniff of a rabbit for months at a stretch. Mine has experienced an air raid, witnessed a victory march (and barked at it, too!), and taken part from time to time, much to his master's embarrassment, in the rehearsals in Rotten Row of the Royal escort of Household Cavalry. And the other day, by reason of his enforced exile in London, the tragedy of the King's death impinged unexpectedly on the trivial everyday events of even his small life. The late King, I like to recall, was all his life a great friend to little dogs, and would not have regarded the affairs of a terrier as in any way beneath his Royal state. It was part of his inherent goodness, simplicity and humanity that he regarded no living creature as beneath his Royal state. It was for this, above all other things, that his subjects loved him.

So just as it was only natural that my dog, as he is always by my side, should have been the first creature I encountered as I emerged from the shock of hearing over the telephone of the sudden and dreadful loss the Commonwealth had sustained, so it seemed fitting that the dog, the whole of whose brief life had been spent in his reign and under the protection of his peace—a greater blessing to dogs, as to so many other creatures, than they can realise—should have been made indirectly aware of the events of state which the tragedy brought in its train. On the morning of the day of Queen Elizabeth's proclamation, he and I were walking together in Hyde Park, as is our normal wont at that time. Suddenly there was a loud detonation, causing the dog, a very sensitive animal, to jump and even swerve from his chosen path among the trees. Having recovered himself, he looked up at me as though to enquire whether anything untoward was in progress which required his attention, and whether some active expression of his fidelity and devotion was demanded. Then the detonation was repeated and he jumped again. This time, however, he did not allow it to pass unanswered, and, after a moment's pause for consideration, barked back, though still a little uncertainly. After all, he must have reflected, he was a terrier, and something in the way of defiance is required from terriers at all disturbances of the peace, however loud. Then the gun fired again, and this time he jumped forward, promptly and defiantly, as a terrier does when challenged, raised his small, resolute head and barked loudly. A detonating duel then began between the invisible gunners and the dog, each mechanical explosion being followed by a canine one of growing ferocity. I have forgotten how many guns are fired to salute a Sovereign's accession, but it is a very large number, for the noise, which was by now almost deafening, continued all the way down the Row, and no threats or entreaties on my part would make the dog desist. He would show a brief momentary penitence at my protests, only to break out into another bark of defiance as the sharp staccato of the next gun shattered the Park's quiet. By this time, impelled by some latent martial instinct, we had both left the Row and were rapidly crossing the Park in the direction of the firing; in fact, at whatever loss of decorum, we were running. As we came up through the still wintry mist towards the high ground beyond the Serpentine, in the middle of the Park, we saw, first the flashes of the guns and then the gun detachments standing around the six guns of the troop. And with almost a shock of recognition that carried my memory back for close on half-a-century I saw, when we were still a hundred yards or more from them, that the officers and men were wearing the full-dress and traditional uniform of the Royal Horse

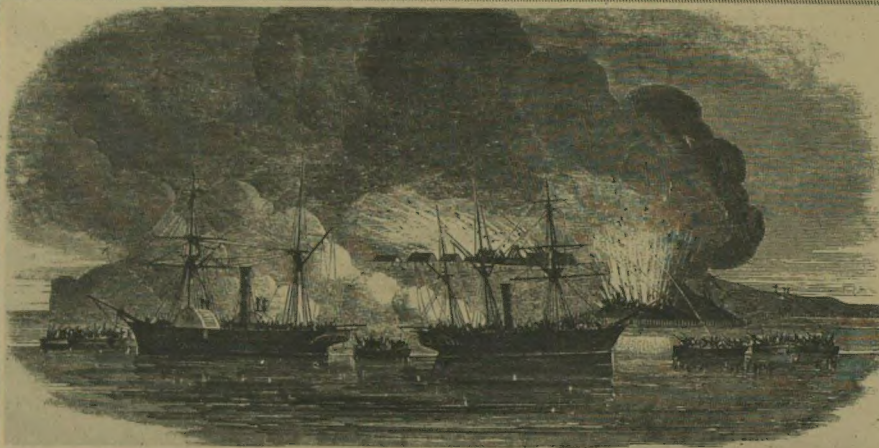
Artillery. Then, just as I realised that the salute was over and that the last gun had been fired, a most beautiful thing happened. Without a word spoken, and with the most exquisite skill and alacrity, the gun teams galloped forward out of the mist and halted by the guns. Then in a moment, before I could recover from my surprise, the guns were limbered up, and the six teams had started once more to gallop, now with the guns and the gunners behind them. In a great sweep, and still without any sound but the muffled thud of those flying hooves on the grass, they made off westwards across the empty centre of the Park, towards Lancaster Gate, and then swung round northwards and eastwards until they vanished from sight behind the trees of Marble Arch. For a moment my heart stood still, and the years with it;

I seemed to be living in an age which had vanished yet was linked by those galloping teams, and all the heroism they symbolised, to the present. It might have been Mercers' battery—"Left limber up, and as fast as you can!"—galloping into the inferno of smoke and heat on the stricken ridge at Waterloo, or Norman Ramsay's saving the guns at Fuentes d'Onoro, "his horses breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounding behind them like things of no weight and the mounted gunners following close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons, in desperate career." Something of the sort must have occurred to my dog's mind by some mysterious process of association—for, unlike his master, he is not a reading dog but a simple fighting one—for in a flash he was after the guns. But being now an old dog, he soon realised, to my great relief, that he could never catch up, and returned to me, wagging his tail, his duty done. Ten years ago he would have followed them into the Edgware Road and probably have laid hold of a gun.

Such ceremonies are part of the political and social genius of England. Once they were part of the living and clearly understood heritage of every Englishman: "generation linked with generation by ancestral reputation, by tradition, by heraldry." It has been one of the tragedies of the Industrial Revolution, as well as of the desiccated, dry-as-dust, unrealistic method of teaching history that has too long prevailed in our schools and universities, that the vast majority of our people have lost conscious contact with so much in the past that, restated and re-interpreted, could inspire, help and unite them. Only in a little area in the centre of London's West End is the passer-by still reminded almost daily of what that past was, and nearly always by ritual connected with the great institution of our hereditary monarchy. All through the ceremonies of those last sad, moving days of farewell to a dearly-loved King, one was conscious of the well-nigh intolerable strain that such public and long-drawn-out mourning must have imposed on those nearest and dearest to him; above all, on his Royal widow, mother and

daughters. Yet the price they had to pay, as so often in their sacrificial, symbolic lives, brought, one was simultaneously made aware, something of almost incalculable value to the common weal. Those silent crowds filing in interminable, awed procession past the glittering catafalque in Westminster Hall or standing, packed and bare-headed, in the streets on the morning of the funeral, were by it made conscious partakers in a sacrament whose meaning lies at the very root of all the virtues we expect men and women to bring to the service of the community, and which they themselves derive from the awareness of their membership of it. What they were witnessing and experiencing was an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, like the King's life itself that they were commemorating.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MARCH 13, 1852.



"DESTRUCTION OF LAGOS, ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA, BY THE BRITISH SQUADRON."

"We have already detailed the British attack upon Lagos, the nest of the slave-trade in the Bights. . . . We now engrave the scene of action, with an extract from a private letter from a Correspondent on board her Majesty's ship *Penelope* describing the second day's attack. 'The little *Teazer* got on shore the second time before she could take up the proper position; in an hour and a half from our starting we were snugly fast head and stern close to our little friend the *Bloodhound*, and then we began in right good earnest. The firing could not have been better directed on board the *Excellent* in Portsmouth Harbour. . . . Captain Coate about this time came up in the *Volcano*. . . . At twelve one of our rockets set fire to the Marine Monarch's house, one of the largest in the place . . . the whole town was soon in a blaze, and a famous bonfire it made. . . .'"



"THE WAR IN KAFFRARIA—THE 74TH HIGHLANDERS ATTACKING MACOMO'S KAFFIRS AND THE HOTTENTOT BANDITTI AT THE HEAD OF THE WATERKLOOF PASS."

Camp Blinkwater, November 15, 1851. " . . . a Sketch of one of the most melancholy events that has occurred during the present war, and by far the most disastrous that has happened to the 1st Division. It represents the 74th Highlanders, on the 6th of the present month, attacking the dangerous fastnesses at the head of the Waterkloof Pass (the impregnable stronghold of Macomo's Kaffirs and the Hottentot banditti who have joined him), on which occasion this tried and gallant regiment lost its brave Lieutenant-Colonel and two other officers besides twelve men killed or dangerously wounded. . . . Lieut. Carey, a brave and promising young officer, was shot through the breast and died soon afterwards. . . . The time I have chosen for my Sketch is the moment when, as he was serving ammunition to some of the men who had expended theirs, he received the fatal bullet. Some of the wounded are seen being borne on stretchers to the rear. . . ."



TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE PEOPLE HURT AT A BALTIMORE ICE SHOW: THE SCENE AFTER 30 YARDS OF GRANDSTAND HAD COLLAPSED.

More than 275 persons were injured at Baltimore on March 6, thirty-two of them seriously, when temporary seats erected for performances of Miss Sonia Henie's ice-skating show collapsed. The evening's performance, which was to have begun five minutes later, was called off.

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS: DISASTERS, SALVAGE STORAGE, AND AN AIRCRAFT ENTERPRISE.



A RAIL DISASTER NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO IN WHICH OVER 100 PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE SCENE AFTER THE CRASH ON A BRIDGE OVER THE PAVUNA RIVER.

Over 100 people were killed and more than 200 injured, many seriously, in a railway disaster early on March 4, when a train which had left Rio was derailed while crossing a bridge over the Pavuna River. The overturning coaches crashed into an electric train travelling in the opposite direction.



ITALIANS REFLOAT A BRITISH CRUISER: H.M.S. *YORK*, SUNK DURING WORLD WAR II., BEING TOWED TOWARDS BARI, ITALY, ON MARCH 2.

H.M.S. *York*, a Royal Navy cruiser which was sunk off Crete during World War II., was refloated recently by Italian divers. The vessel is to be scrapped at Bari for the Italian steel company "Finsider." Our photograph shows the cruiser being towed towards Bari.



STORED BY THE U.S. ARMY ORDNANCE IN "COFFEE CANS": TANKS IN ONE OF OVER TWO HUNDRED SIMILAR CONTAINERS AT THE LIMA ORDNANCE DEPÔT, OHIO.

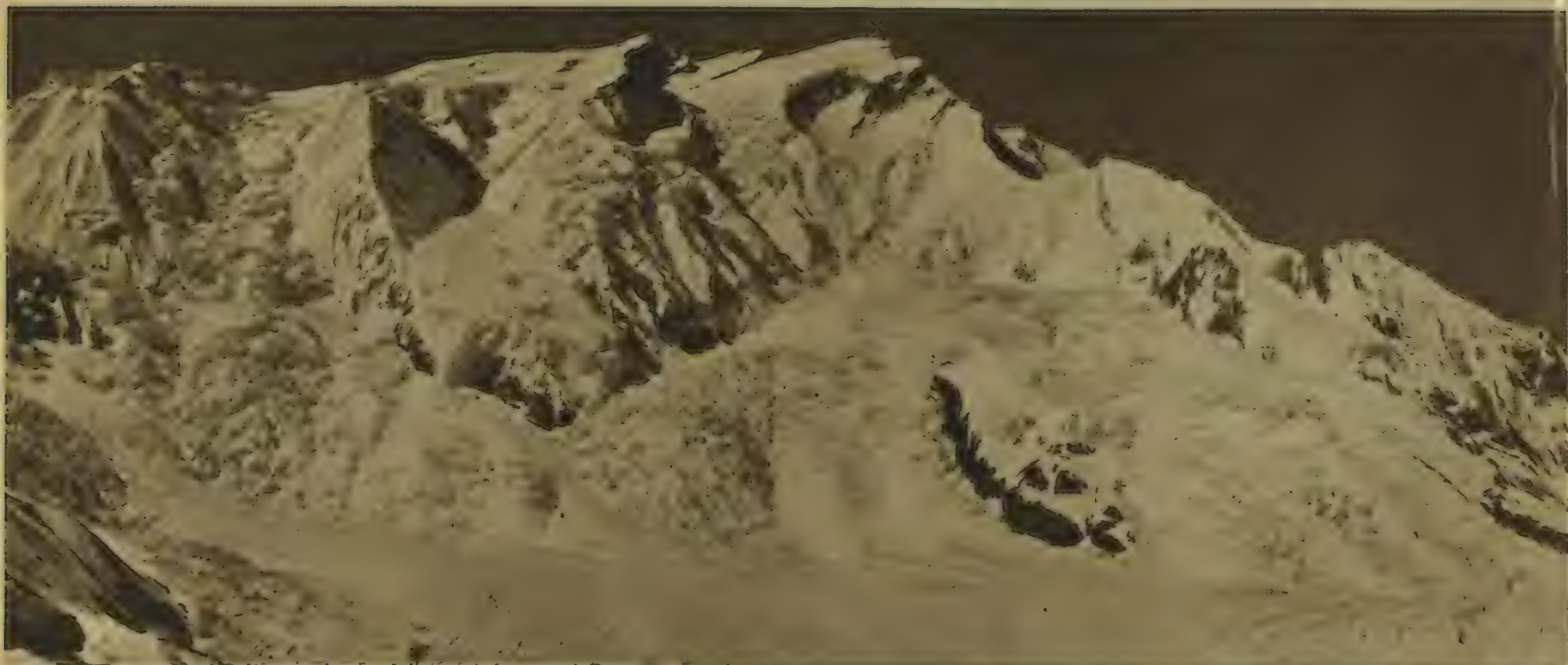
Our photograph, taken at the tank storage "farm" of the Lima Ordnance Depot, shows one of the long-term storage containers uncovered to reveal the tanks inside. Tanks, armoured cars, etc., were sealed into these "coffee cans" five years ago, during the Army equivalent of the Navy's "moth-balling." Many hundreds of them have now been sent to Korea and the European Allies.



MOVED FROM THE WHARF BY AIRCRAFT IN LESS TIME THAN IT NORMALLY TAKES TUGS: THE AUSTRALIAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER *SYDNEY* AT FREMANTLE, ON FEBRUARY 25.

When a dockside strike in Fremantle left the aircraft carrier *Sydney* without tugs to move her from the wharf recently, twelve aircraft were ranged along the starboard side of the carrier and, with the engines at full speed, drew the ship away from the wharf. Half an hour later the carrier was on her way east in less time than it usually takes tugs to manoeuvre big ships from the harbour.

SCALED BY THE FRENCH 1950 EXPEDITION: MIGHTY ANNAPURNA.



SEEN FROM THE NORTH: A PANORAMA OF THE ANNAPURNA GROUP OF PEAKS IN THE HIMALAYAS, SHOWING THE SUMMIT (MARKED WITH A CROSS) OF 26,500 FT. SCALED BY MAURICE HERZOG, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, AND LOUIS LACHENAL ON JUNE 3, 1950, A GREAT MOUNTAINEERING ACHIEVEMENT WHICH HAS BEEN RECORDED IN A NOTABLE TECHNICOLOR FILM BEING SHOWN IN LONDON ON MARCH 26 AND APRIL 2.



ILLUSTRATING THE ROUTE OF ASCENT, WITH THE POSITIONS OF THE FIVE CAMPS MARKED IN FIGURES, AND THE SUMMIT: THE GREAT ANNAPURNA PEAK.

One of the most hazardous expeditions in the history of mountaineering, the French Expedition of 1950 to the Himalayas in order to scale the peak of Annapurna (26,500 ft.), has been recorded in a Technicolor film, to be shown at the Central Hall, Westminster, under the patronage of the French Ambassador, on March 26 and April 2, with an English commentary by the leader of the expedition, M. Maurice Herzog. The time occupied by the actual climb was only six days, a remarkably



KNOWN TO THE NEPALESE AS ANNAPURNA, GODDESS OF HARVEST: THE GREAT HIMALAYAN PEAK, BELIEVED TO BE THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN EVER SCALED BY MAN.

rapid rate having been achieved, but, naturally, many months of preparation were necessary before the expedition was undertaken. The party left Paris early in April. By the middle of the month, with the help of the Nepalese Government, they crossed the India-Nepalese frontier and commenced their journey in jeeps over little known country. At the first foothills the caravan of 160 coolies, 6 Sherpas and 6 tons of equipment assembled; and the climb began.

THE CONQUEST OF 26,500-FOOT ANNAPURNA—AND THE PRICE PAID.



BRINGING DOWN THE INJURED LEADER OF THE FRENCH HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION WHO CONQUERED ANNAPURNA: M. MAURICE HERZOG, BEING DRAWN DOWN ON A SLEDGE.



THE PRICE OF ACHIEVEMENT: M. LIONEL TERRAY, SUFFERING FROM SNOW-BLINDNESS, BEING HELPED ON THE DESCENT BY ONE OF THE SHERPAS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE PARTY.



A DIFFICULT CLIMB ABOVE CAMP II.: M. LIONEL TERRAY ON THE FIRST ROPE NEGOTIATING A GREAT WALL OF ICE. THE SHERPAS HAD TO BE HELPED UP BY THE MOUNTAINEERS.

On this and the facing page we illustrate the remarkable mountaineering achievement of the French expedition led by M. Maurice Herzog, which in 1950 climbed Mount Annapurna, Himalayan peak 26,500 ft. in height. Their journey has been recorded in one of the most remarkable Technicolor films ever made. It is to be shown in London on March 26 and April 2, and will also visit Manchester (March 28), Birmingham and other cities. The nine members of the French



THE RIGOURS OF THE GREAT CONQUEST OF ANNAPURNA, HIMALAYAN PEAK: M. MAURICE HERZOG, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, CLIMBING AT A HEIGHT OF 17,717 FT.

expedition which achieved this feat paid a heavy price for victory. Camping at heights of 19,000 ft. and over induces much physical discomfort, violent headaches, loss of energy, inability to eat and loss of concentration and will-power. In addition, M. Herzog lost his gloves and suffered from serious frostbite, entailing loss of fingers and toes, and M. Lionel Terray, who removed his glasses to see in a blizzard, was attacked by snow blindness. M. Louis Lachenal also lost toes through frostbite.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MEMBERS OF THE DIRECTING STAFF OF "OPERATION GRAND SLAM": (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN R. MESSMER, U.S.N., CAPTAIN A. R. ROBIN, R.N., ADMIRAL CARNEY (EXERCISE DIRECTOR), CAPTAIN L. MORNÜ (FRENCH NAVY) AND CAPTAIN N. MURZI (ITALIAN NAVY).

The biggest and most ambitious naval exercise ever held in peacetime, "Operation Grand Slam," started on February 26 and lasted twelve days. Admiral Carney, U.S.N., C-in-C. Allied Forces, Southern Europe, directed the exercise on behalf of the C-in-C. of the British, French, Italian and Mediterranean fleets.



PAYING A COURTESY CALL ON THE NEW EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER: SIR RALPH STEVENSON, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO, SHAKING HANDS WITH HILALY PASHA (LEFT) ON MARCH 6.

On March 6, Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador in Cairo, made courtesy calls on Hilaly Pasha, the new Prime Minister, and Hassouna Pasha, the Foreign Minister, and remained in conversation with each of them for half an hour. Mr. Jefferson Caffery, the United States Ambassador in Cairo, also saw the Prime Minister.



LIEUT.-GENERAL F. W. FESTING.

The appointment of Lieut.-General F. W. Festing as G.O.C.-in-C. Canal Zone, Egypt, was announced recently, and he will take over on April 15. He was a 2nd Lieut. The Rifle Brigade in 1921; commanded the 36th Div. in Burma 1942-45, and was G.O.C. Land Troops in Hong Kong in 1945-46 and 1949.



MAJOR-GEN. H. D. WILMOT SITWELL.

Keeper of the Jewel House, Tower of London, Major-General H. D. Wilmot Sitwell is responsible for the safety of the Crown Jewels. The last keeper died in 1944 and until last month the Resident Governor had been acting-Keeper.



THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. PINAY AND HIS MINISTERS, WITH THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, M. AURIOL. M. Pinay, the new Prime Minister of France, succeeded in the early hours of March 8 in forming his new Government. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) front row: M. Letourneau (in charge of Relations with the Associated States); M. Pinay (Prime Minister and Minister for Finance and Economic Affairs); President Auriol; M. Queuille (Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of State); M. Schuman (Foreign Affairs); M. Brune (Interior). Second row: M. Duchet (Posts and Telegraphs); M. Temple (Ex-Servicemen); M. Laurens (Agriculture); M. Ribeyre (Health and Population); M. Gaillard (State Secretary Premier's Department and Finance); M. Marie (Education). Back row: M. de Chevigné (Secretary of State, War); M. Gavini (Secretary of State, Navy); M. Louvel (Industry and Commerce); M. Petit (Reconstruction and Town Planning); M. Plevin (National Defence); M. Morice (Public Works, Transport and Tourism); M. Garet (Labour and Social Security); and M. Montel (Secretary of State, Air).



DR. KWAME NKUMAH.

On March 5, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Leader of Government Business, became Prime Minister of the Gold Coast. The Governor of the Gold Coast said that the Prime Minister would rank in precedence in the Cabinet immediately after the Governor. Dr. Nkrumah is leader of the Convention People's Party.



SIR CHARLES SCOTT SHERRINGTON.

Died on March 4, aged ninety-four. The most distinguished physiologist of our day, he was awarded the Order of Merit in 1924 and was the oldest member of the Order. He was world-famous for over half a century for his researches into the brain and nervous system.



ARRIVING IN LONDON: SIGNOR MANLIO BROSSIO, THE NEW ITALIAN AMBASSADOR, AND HIS WIFE.

Signor Manlio Brosio, the newly-appointed Italian Ambassador to Britain, arrived in London on March 3, with his wife. He succeeds Duke Gallarati-Scotti, who retired recently. Signor Brosio, a lawyer, has been Ambassador in Moscow for the past five years. He is strongly anti-Fascist, and after Mussolini's rise to power incurred some personal danger in opposing the régime.



RECEIVING A MEDAL FROM MR. DEAKIN, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE T.U.C.: MR. KENNETH DANCY (RIGHT).

Mr. Arthur Deakin, chairman of the Trades Union Congress, presented a medal, the Order of Industrial Heroism—the "Workers' V.C."—to Mr. Kenneth Dancy at a dinner in London on March 5. Mr. Kenneth Dancy was the mate of the tug *Turmoil*, and the man who leapt aboard the crippled *Flying Enterprise* to try and help Captain Carlsen to save the ship. The dinner was held in Mr. Dancy's honour by his Union, the Navigator and Engineer Officers Union.



WITH THE FAMOUS BUDGET BOX: MR. R. A. B. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. B. Butler, arranged to open his Budget on March 11. Originally Mr. Butler undertook to introduce this year's Budget on March 4, but for various reasons it was found impracticable and it was postponed for a week. This year's Budget was awaited with more than usual apprehension owing to the serious financial situation.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: SOME NEWS ITEMS FROM JAPAN, ITALY, TURKEY AND GREAT BRITAIN.



(LEFT) A JAPANESE EX-ADMIRAL WELCOMED ON BOARD A U.S. WARSHIP: KICHISABURO NOMURA BEING GREETED BY VICE-ADMIRAL MARTIN (LEFT) ON BOARD THE U.S. BATTLESHIP *Wisconsin* NEAR TOKYO.

Kichisaburo Nomura, former Japanese Admiral, who was in Washington as a "peace" envoy when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour in December 1941, is seen in our photograph being greeted by Vice-Admiral Harold Martin as an invited guest at the change of command ceremonies aboard the U.S. battleship *Wisconsin* in Yokosuka Harbour, near Tokyo, on March 5. Admiral Martin was relieved as Commander of the U.S. 7th Fleet in Oriental waters by Vice-Admiral Robert P. Briscoe.



AFTER RECEIVING THE C.V.O.: CAPTAIN O. P. JONES, SENIOR MASTER OF B.O.A.C. WITH HIS WIFE, On behalf of the Queen, the Duke of Gloucester held an Investiture at Buckingham Palace on March 5. Two hundred and seventy people received the insignia of the orders and medals they had been awarded in the New Year Honours. Captain O. P. Jones, senior master of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, who flew the Queen—then Princess Elizabeth—and the Duke of Edinburgh to Canada last year, received the C.V.O.



ARRIVING IN NAPLES FROM LISBON ON MARCH 6: DON JUAN, THE SPANISH PRETENDER, WITH HIS WIFE ON BOARD AN ITALIAN LINER. Don Juan, Count of Barcelona, and Pretender to the Spanish throne, arrived in Naples on March 6 for a private visit to Italy. Don Juan, who was born in 1913 the second son of King Alfonso of Spain, served in the British Navy from 1933-35. Before his death in 1941 King Alfonso named his son, the Infante Don Juan, "King of all the Spaniards, when Spain judges it opportune."



EXAMINING THE COOPER TROPHY AFTER THE PRESENTATION BY AIR MARSHAL SIR BASIL EMBRY: MEMBERS OF NO. 615 (COUNTY OF SURREY) SQUADRON ROYAL AUXILIARY AIR FORCE. No. 615 (County of Surrey) Squadron, of which Mr. Churchill is honorary Air Commodore, was presented with the 1951 Cooper Trophy by Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry at Biggin Hill recently. The trophy is awarded annually to the R.A.A.F. squadron achieving the best results in live air-to-air firing.



VISITING TURKEY AS SUPREME COMMANDER OF N.A.T.O. FORCES: GENERAL EISENHOWER (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. MENDERES, THE TURKISH PRIME MINISTER. General Eisenhower arrived in Ankara by air on March 3 for a visit which was primarily intended to be an act of courtesy towards a new member of N.A.T.O. and also to establish personal contacts with members of the Turkish Government and military leaders. During his visit, General Eisenhower had long

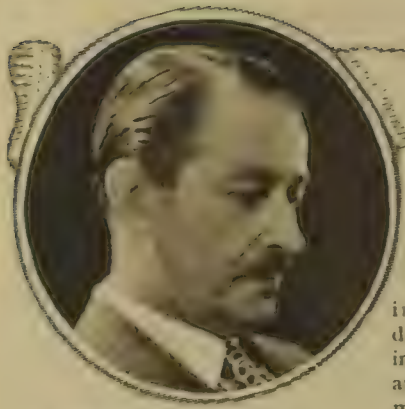


RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT BAYAR OF TURKEY: GENERAL EISENHOWER (LEFT) TALKING TO THE PRESIDENT THROUGH AN INTERPRETER, ADMIRAL AZIZ ULUSAN (CENTRE). conversations with Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Premier, and General Nuri Yamut, Chief of the General Staff, and he was received by President Bayar. After his two-day visit to Turkey, General Eisenhower went on to Athens where he spent two days.

LONDON'S RIVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"THE THAMES ABOUT 1750"; By HUGH PHILLIPS, F.S.A.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MR. HUGH PHILLIPS, F.S.A., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Hugh Phillips was born in 1886 and educated at Stevenage Grammar School. He became interested in mid-eighteenth-century London as a young man when collecting old furniture and china, and has since made a life study of it. He is an active member of the London Survey Committee which publishes volumes on the history of London parishes, and is a committee member of the London Topographical Society.

wharves, the Pool, the marshes, the smugglers and those salmon, the frequency of which on their masters' tables is constantly, without proof, alleged to have been a subject of complaint by the London Apprentices. But no: only a section of the Thames—the Greater London section—is under review: and the subject is not so much the river itself as its riparian accompaniments, buildings, tributaries, bridges and near hinterlands. In space the book is more restricted than the title indicates: in time less so. We can hardly expect a zealous antiquary to mention a building which existed in 1750 without telling us something about its history before that year; nor can we expect him to be so inhuman as to pass a site on which something remarkable was erected or happened in 1751, without casting his eye a little forward. As regards time, we may regard him (if he will forgive

reflecting Palladian and Gothic mansions, groves and parterres, the Hampton Court of Wolsey and Wren, and that too ephemeral Chinese bridge across the Thames of which there is an engraving after Canaletto.

There are other quiet notable things in that last stretch, so soothing after we have passed through so much of the din and clamour of history, its battles, fires, pestilences and beheadings. There are pictures of Strawberry Hill here, now a Theological College, but in hands which carefully cherish and even collect relics of Horace Walpole, who so assiduously built it—laughed at yet inaugurating generations of mock-Gothic "period-period" which ended in certain structures, like Liverpool Cathedral, with which our mediæval ancestors would not have disclaimed kinship. Strawberry Hill survives; Pope's villa does not. The villa was demolished in 1807, and the site is now occupied by a convent. But his Grotto is still there.

What a pleasure he took in its making! "I have put the last hand," he wrote, "to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterranean way and grotto. I found there a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern, day and night. From the river Thames, you see thro' my arch up to a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors

of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera-obscura, on walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations, and when you have a mind to light it up it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (or an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the

middle, a thousand rays glitter, and are reflected over the place." What a pretty dream he thought he had made "come true"! To-day the dream has

may be sure that some eponymous Society would ask permission to take it in hand, and restore lustre to all the glasses and the pebbles and the flints. But, although the English are alleged by the French to make any excuse for eating in company, I have never heard of annual or quarterly dinners of a Pope Society



A TRADE CARD OF TIMOTHY TOPPING, SEEDSMAN, "UNDER THE PIAZZA, LONDON BRIDGE." THE PIAZZAS CONSISTED OF SHOPS RECESSED BEHIND PILLARS, AND OVERHUNG BY THE TRADESMEN'S DWELLINGS, SO AS TO PROVIDE A DRY SHOPPING-CENTRE, WHERE PEDESTRIANS COULD LOOK AT THE GOODS IN THE WINDOWS IN COMFORT.

From the Banks Collection, British Museum.

—which is equivalent to saying that I have never heard of a Pope Society. The little man has been respected and admired and was much copied: but, except by a few men and women in his life-time, he has not been loved. Still, I think that, in common gratitude for his verses and his air-raid shelter, we might refurbish his Grotto.

It is not possible in this space to give an account of this crowded scrapbook. There are over 250 illustrations, one of the noblest of which, "The Thames from Richmond House" in colour, is, alas, lavished on the dust-cover. Every spot which is passed receives its tribute of erudition, and I might as well quote about any one as about any other. Take Limehouse, for example. To my generation it implies little more than a Chinese quarter and a peculiarly disgusting speech by Mr. David Lloyd-George. But there is a great deal more "to" Limehouse than that. Limehouse had lime-kilns and shipyards. "Although a village in size, Limehouse definitely considered itself 'London.' Numerous wealthy London merchants had country-houses in the vicinity, and they, with the support of the local ship-builders, were able to build a fine church in 1740 at a cost of £38,000, designed by Hawksmoor. Unfortunately it was gutted by fire in 1850, and much of its beautiful woodwork was destroyed. Apart from shipping, Limehouse had another industry, a china factory situated at Dukes Shoar, or Shore, Fig. 17, item (c). The factory advertised 'the newly invented blue and white Limehouse Ware' consisting of 'teapots, sauceboats, and other useful and ornamental vessels.' The factory was short-lived, and the staff and workmen went afterwards to Bristol and to Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Unfortunately, very little is known of their products."

The late John Burns is often admiringly quoted for having said that the Thames is "liquid history." I have always thought, because of the transience of the fluid, that the phrase was rather a silly one. But it is evident what he meant: he was thinking of the banks and the foreshores. Even to-day a grubber in the mud at low-tide in the London area may find relics of official and domestic life of anything up to nearly 2000 years of age. Anybody who wishes to know about the inhabitants of London throughout that period, their houses, and their way of life, could do no better than to get Mr. Phillips's book. But he

must expect to be saddened a little. So much that is beautiful has passed; so much (even in our own day) has been scrapped, to be replaced by the ugly or the merely utilitarian.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 475 of this issue.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RANELAGH PLEASURE GARDENS AND THE ROTUNDA (RESEMBLING THE DOME OF DISCOVERY) IN 1742, BY W. JONES. ON THE LEFT IS THE CANAL BEFORE THE ERECTION OF THE CHINESE PAVILION IN 1750. BEYOND THE PAVILION ARE THE "BOXES FOR GENTLEMEN TO SMOAK IN." RANELAGH HOUSE STANDS ON THE RIGHT. THE VIEWPOINT IS FROM ABOVE THE THAMES. RANELAGH HAD NO CONNECTION WITH THE LATER POLO CLUB OF THE SAME NAME.

so malodorous a comparison) as a goat on a long tether. His central peg is firmly plugged into 1750, but he is allowed a good deal of rope for browsing, as suits his palate, on what herbage the surroundings afford.

Before he comes to his book proper he has a "Prelude" describing earlier Londons, the earliest verifiable being that of Roman times, further details about which are still in process of discovery owing to the Second Great Fire caused by those whom we may soon call our Gallant German Allies. A fascinating series of maps, plans, views and reconstructions (including a noble picture of the Tower from a mediæval manuscript of Charles d'Orleans's poems) excellently illustrate this introduction. We then step into 1750.

Most men, I dare say, covering such ground, would have automatically begun up-river and moved down. Mr. Phillips, whether instinctively or after consideration, has been prompted to move from Woolwich up-stream. His method certainly has a pleasant effect upon the passenger whom he takes with him on his voyage. The trip would be incessantly interesting taken either way, but, going this way, we find ourselves, after all the din and turmoil of the Metropolis, arriving not at an area of shipyards and preparations for war, but in the peace of old Twickenham and the Royal Palace at Hampton Court. We begin with "all abustle with frantic activity, turning out men-of-war" and Hanging Wood, "hiding-place of murderers and footpads, who preyed on the constant stream of visitors coming to see new ships launched or to bid farewell to relatives going to sea," and we end with the river



THE EARL OF BURLINGTON'S HOUSE AT CHISWICK, FROM THE ROAD.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Thames About 1750," by courtesy of the publishers, Collins.

rather faded but seems to have been more useful than some dreams. "The grotto still exists, now so blackened with soot that it might be mistaken for a coal-shaft. During the last war it formed a most convenient air-raid shelter for the local inhabitants." Had the Grotto been contrived by (say) Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb or the English Omar, we

* "The Thames About 1750." By Hugh Phillips, F.S.A., Member of the Council of the London Topographical Society, Member of the London Survey Committee. 258 Illustrations. (Collins; £3 3s.)

"SPRING AND SUMMER" AT OLYMPIA: INDOOR GARDENS IN EXCELSIS.



PLANTED WITH PERFECT EXAMPLES OF CLIPPED YEW AND BOX IN A GREAT VARIETY OF DESIGNS: A TOPIARY GARDEN AT OLYMPIA.



DESIGNED TO HARMONISE WITH THE GARDEN: A GARDEN SEAT RECESS AND A POINT OF VANTAGE FROM WHICH TO VIEW A TUMBLING STREAM.



DESIGNED ON CLASSICAL LINES: A GARDEN IN WHICH THE CIRCULAR POOL AND FOUNTAIN FORM THE CENTRAL FEATURE AND ARE SURROUNDED WITH BEDS OF FLOWERING SHRUBS.

"The Gardens of Music"—always a popular feature at the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibitions—this year comprise fifteen gardens which fill nearly two acres with the beauty and colour of spring and summer. In one of the formal gardens are some twenty-year-old wistarias which, with the aid of fluorescent lighting, were coaxed to flower in time for the Exhibition. In a Westmorland fellside garden are daffodil species—natives of Spain, that are only 2 ins. high. In an



AN INFORMAL GARDEN SET AGAINST A VILLAGE BACKCLOTH: ONE OF THE FIFTEEN INDOOR GARDENS, SKILFULLY PLANTED WITH SPRING-FLOWERING BULBS AND ALPINE PLANTS.



SHOWING HOW A CORNER OF THE GARDEN CAN BECOME A QUIET, RESTFUL RETREAT: THE WATERFALL SPLASHES OVER MOSSY ROCKS INTO A POOL.



BUILT AROUND A BEAUTIFULLY CONSTRUCTED SCOTTISH PACK-HORSE BRIDGE UNDER WHICH RUNS A MOUNTAIN STREAM: AN INFORMAL GARDEN.

informal garden are miniature roses, "Oakland Ruby," with flowers only the size of a halfpenny. Many of the gardeners this year are using Westmorland waterworn rock; one of them—who is using rocks that weigh three-quarters of a ton—says that they were lifted and carried down some weeks ago near Milnthorpe when snow was frozen hard upon them. The music in the gardens is provided by two quintets presented by Ian Stewart.

THE 29TH IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: SCENES IN THE ARCHITECT-DESIGNED VILLAGE.



ONE OF THE TYPES OF HOUSES WHICH PRIVATE BUILDERS PLAN TO PRODUCE UNDER THE NEW HOUSING REGULATIONS: THE "GEORGIAN VILLAGE STYLE RESIDENCE." THE PLANNING OF THE GROUND FLOOR IS UNUSUAL.



AN ATTRACTIVE CONTRIBUTION TO MODERN HOUSING NEEDS: THE "REGENCY HOUSE." THE INTERIOR PLAN COMPRISES LOUNGE DINING-ROOM, KITCHEN AND BREAKFAST NOOK, THREE BEDROOMS, BATHROOM AND SEPARATE W.C. IN THE HALL IS A SLOW-COMBUSTION FIREPLACE.



THE INTERIOR OF THE THREE-BEDROOM "PEOPLE'S HOUSE": A VIEW LOOKING FROM THE MAIN BEDROOM INTO THE SECOND BEDROOM. THE INTERIOR DECORATION AND FURNISHING HAVE BEEN SUPERVISED BY THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN.



THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE THREE-BEDROOM "PEOPLE'S HOUSE": THE WALLS AT THE DINING END ARE COVERED WITH A "WAVY CHECK" DESIGN PAPER AND THE OTHER WALLS ARE WHITE. THE ROOM IS WARMED BY A SLOW-COMBUSTION STOVE.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OLD PEOPLE'S BUNGALOW: THE LIVING-ROOM HAS BEEN DESIGNED TO LOOK COSY AND TO SAVE ELDERLY PEOPLE EFFORT AND STRAIN. THE FURNITURE IS ALL SET WELL OFF THE GROUND TO MAKE BRUSHING AND DUSTING EASY.



FORMING THE HEART OF "THE NEW VILLAGE" AT OLYMPIA: A SANDSTONE PILLAR FROM MERIDEN, WARWICKSHIRE, WHICH FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS HAS BEEN HELD TO MARK THE VERY CENTRE OF ENGLAND. IN THE BACKGROUND (LEFT) IS THE VILLAGE INN.

THE 29th *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition opened at Olympia on March 4, and will open every week-day until March 29. A new and outstanding feature of this year's exhibition is a village which is very different from those that have preceded it in other years. Never before has it had shops; now it has seventeen, all fully stocked and ready for business. It also has an inn and six fully-furnished houses. On the village green stands the actual stone pillar which for hundreds of years has been held to mark the centre of England. It stood on the village green at Meriden, Warwickshire, midway between Birmingham and Coventry, and the main high road, growing wider under the needs of modern traffic, had begun to menace it. After the Exhibition it will be returned at once to Meriden, where an improved green, at a safe distance from the road, is being prepared for it. The six houses are of special importance and

A FOCUS OF INTEREST AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: TYPES OF "THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE."



EXAMPLES OF THE KIND OF HOUSE WHICH THE GOVERNMENT WOULD LIKE LOCAL AUTHORITIES TO BUILD DURING 1952: "THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE"; SHOWING THE TWO-BEDROOM TYPE UNDER GABLE (LEFT) AND THREE-BEDROOM TYPE ADJOINING IT (RIGHT).



DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR THE COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF AN ELDERLY COUPLE ABLE TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES: THE GOVERNMENT OLD PEOPLE'S BUNGALOW, WHICH HAS A LIVING-ROOM, BEDROOM, WORKING KITCHEN, HALL, AND COMBINED BATHROOM AND W.C.



THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE TWO-BEDROOM "PEOPLE'S HOUSE": THE FLOOR IS OF BLACK PLASTIC TILES WITH MARBLING OF GREY AND GREEN. THE BLACK LUSTRE FIREGRATE IS SLOW-BURNING AND WILL STAY IN ALL NIGHT.



THE GIRLS' BEDROOM OF THE THREE-BEDROOM "PEOPLE'S HOUSE" WHICH IS DIVIDED—DECORATIVELY—INTO TWO PARTS. THE ELDER GIRL HAS AN OAK BED AND CHEST OF DRAWERS, WHILE THE YOUNGER HAS A CHILD'S BED AND PINK NURSERY CUPBOARD.



LOOKING DOWN THE HIGH STREET: A VIEW OF PART OF THE ARCHITECT-DESIGNED VILLAGE WHICH HAS SEVENTEEN SHOPS, A MODEL INN, AND FULLY FURNISHED HOMES. THE VILLAGE IS OPEN TO VISITORS AND SHOPPERS THROUGHOUT THE EXHIBITION.

interest this year. Three "private enterprise" houses are shown as examples of what builders expect to produce under the new housing regulations. But interest has been focusing on two houses of the type which Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, has called "The People's House." These are examples of the kind of house which the Minister would like local authorities to build during 1952, and they are on view so that the public can judge them for themselves. The object is to get more homes from a limited supply of materials, labour, and capital, and to reduce capital costs and rent, at the same time preserving essential standards. The Old People's House, also exhibited by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, is a bungalow designed especially to give an elderly couple the independence and privacy to which they cling, with the least demands upon their physical strength.



INSPECTING ONE OF THE HOUSES OF THE TYPE HE HAS CALLED "THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE": MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, THE MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT, DURING HIS VISIT TO THE DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION ON MARCH 3.

THE MASTER SCULPTORS OF 12,000 YEARS AGO REVEALED:

AN ASTOUNDING SERIES OF LIFE-SIZE HUMAN FIGURES, AN IBEX GROUP AND HORSES CARVED WITH BRILLIANT NATURALISM BY MAGDALENIAN MAN.

By Professor DOROTHY GARROD and Mademoiselle SUZANNE DE ST.-MATHURIN.

In previous issues—July 16, 1949, and July 7, 1951—Professor Dorothy Garrod and Mlle. Suzanne de St.-Mathurin have described their series of discoveries of Magdalenian rock-sculpture in rock-shelters beside the River Anglin, near the town of Angles, in the Department of Vienne, France. All the discoveries described in the previous articles were, however, of fragments broken off



FIG. 1. THE IBEX OF CENTRAL EUROPE TO-DAY: A PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY TAKEN IN BAVARIA SHOWING A FINE MALE IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE—WHICH WAS ALSO RECORDED FOR US 12,000 YEARS AGO BY AN UNKNOWN MAGDALENIAN SCULPTOR—SEE FIG. 2.

by a great fall of rock in prehistoric times. In the last season, however, they have discovered a number of sculptures, complete, well-preserved and in their original friezes; sculptures, moreover, which more than sustain the previous estimates of the Magdalenian artists' skill and mastery as revealed in the fragments.

LE ROC AUX SORCIERS is a great block of limestone fallen from a cliff which dominates the River Anglin near the small mediæval town of Angles, in the Department of the Vienne. Local tradition says that it is so-called because witches gather at this spot by night. Behind the rock is the prehistoric shelter in which we have been excavating since 1948, with the support of the Wenner Gren Foundation. This shelter, which is formed by a long overhang of the cliff, was almost completely buried in earth before we began to dig, and effectively hidden by thick undergrowth. Only at the upstream end, where a small cave was present, were there any clear pointers to a prehistoric site, and here sporadic digging had been carried on by various people for about fifteen years before and during the war. In 1948 we ourselves began work in this same spot, and found flints and bones which could be dated to the Early Magdalenian, contained in a sandy deposit with many prehistoric hearths. Overlying this was a mass of limestone blocks and fragments fallen from the back wall and roof of the shelter, and from the cliff above. It was clear that the occupation of the site had been brought to an end by a collapse of rock which made it uninhabitable to the prehistoric hunters, but preserved it for the archaeologist of the future. In this pile of stone were many fragments of sculpture, which revealed that the wall and roof had formerly carried a frieze in relief, with figures of horses, bison, ibexes, chamois, and at least one human figure. This discovery presented us with the alarming prospect of trying to put together a huge jig-saw, of which the pieces varied from bits about the size of a matchbox to blocks weighing several tons. We therefore decided to try if there were not some part of the shelter where the sculptures had remained intact. A local sportsman, with tales of ferrets disappearing among the rocks, had already suggested to us that the overhang stretched

much farther downstream than appeared on the surface, and when we had forced our way through the brushwood along the face of the cliff, we found a spot where a natural archway was just visible above the surface soil. This was 30 metres from our starting-point, and here we decided to clear the undergrowth and make a sounding. When we had raked out the small stones which had fallen in and almost completely blocked the top of the archway, we saw facing us, on the back wall of an alcove and just emerging from the vegetable earth, something which appeared to be a sculptured head; it was, in fact, the head of the horse which is shown in Fig. 6, and when we had deepened our trench the whole figure was revealed. It is well-preserved, except for a band of corrosion along the line of the back, which corresponds to the area where the surface soil, charged with humic acid, was in contact with the rock. It is a mare, standing



FIG. 2. THE IBEX OF CENTRAL FRANCE, 12,000 YEARS AGO: AN ASTONISHING FRIEZE DISCOVERED LAST SUMMER IN THE ROCK-SHELTER OF THE ROC AUX SORCIERS.

In this photograph, which supplies a key to Fig. 5, the separate members of the group are outlined for convenience. Below and moving to the right are (l. to r.) a female with her kid and an old and infirm buck; above (centre), a vigorous male faces the danger and another (extreme left) turns suspiciously.

with head turned backward over the withers, the body rather bulky in contrast with the slender legs. The long tail follows the line of the hind-quarters in a graceful curve. This figure, which measures 2 ft. 7½ ins. from head to tail, is on a slightly smaller scale than the horses of which fragments were found in our original trench upstream.

Already in the surface soil we have found scattered flints and bits of bone, and very soon we reached a true prehistoric horizon, containing a Magdalenian industry with harpoons of reindeer antler, of a type considerably more recent than the Early Magdalenian of our first



FIG. 3. THE HORSE OF 12,000 YEARS AGO: THE SCULPTURED RELIEF OF THE ROC AUX SORCIERS, SHOWN IN FIG. 4, BUT HERE OUTLINED TO SHOW CLEARLY THE ATTITUDE OF THE HEAD, TURNED BACKWARD OVER THE WITHERS—AN ASTONISHINGLY NATURALISTIC PIECE OF WORK.

trench. It was clear then, that at this end of the shelter, where there had been no collapse of the rock, the prehistoric hunters had lived on after the upstream end had been overwhelmed by debris, and that the remains of their habitation, piling up gradually against the wall of the shelter, had finally buried the sculptured figures left by their predecessors.

The finding of the horse changed the whole plan of our dig. Leaving the first trench for the time being, we decided to push upstream against the cliff face, uncovering the frieze section by section, until we came back to the great fall of rock from which we had started. This plan has brought results even greater than we had hoped. Immediately beyond the first

horse was a second one (Fig. 7), less well-preserved, but important because the attitude, with bared teeth and head lowered to graze, gives the clue to the true position of the horses' heads found among the fragments in the first trench. (*The Illustrated London News*, July 7, 1951.) Next came the most remarkable group so far uncovered—three women, life-size, depicted from the waist downward (Fig. 8). The first, three-quarter face, is surprisingly graceful, with long, slender legs fading out at the ankle, the feet apparently having never been carved. The second, nearly full-face, is in higher relief, but the legs have broken away at the thighs, spoiling a line which must originally have been as graceful as that of the first. On the roof of the shelter, immediately above this figure, a triangular face with slanting eyes can be faintly seen, but it is so awkwardly placed in relation to the body—much too low down, and to one side—that we find it impossible to admit that it belongs to it. The third woman is completely full-face, but flat and stylised. Behind her can faintly be seen the rather worn profile of a small bison, and a second bison, on the same scale, is superimposed on her legs from just above the knees. When we first found this scene we supposed these superpositions to be part of a deliberate design, but we now think it possible

that the female figure was carved after the bison, as part of a completely independent group which took no account of the first, just as one painting is done over another in caves like Altamira and Font-de-Gaume.

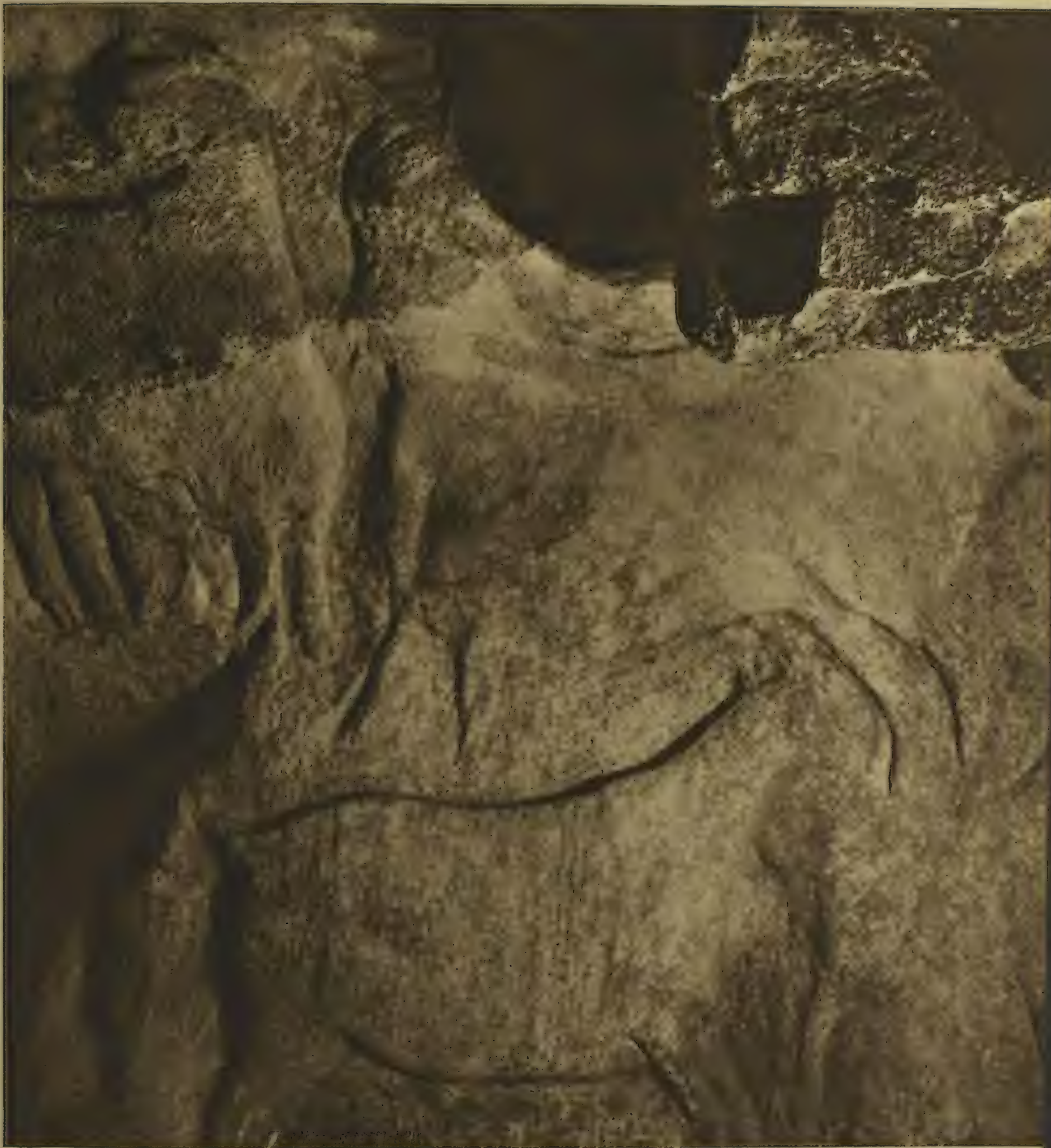
After the three women came a group of ibexes, also life-size, of which two are specially fine; a male animal facing downstream in an attitude of vigorous alertness, and below him, a female, beautifully carved in very high relief, who is cantering upstream preceded by a young kid, on whom she seems to keep a watchful eye (Figs. 2, 4 and 5). The head of the male is very much spoilt by the action of the vegetable soil, and by daylight is hardly visible, but at night it springs into relief when a lamp is placed so as to light it very obliquely. Facing this figure is another, very clumsily done, and probably in part refashioned. The head, which is completely disfigured by humic acid, is turned back to look downstream. In front of the kid is another male, not yet sufficiently disengaged for photography, though the hind-legs can be seen in Fig. 2. This

seems to be an old beast, stumbling forward on to its knees. The scene, then, shows a herd of ibexes, of which the weaker members are running from danger while the vigorous males stand guard.



FIG. 4. AN OBLIQUE DETAIL OF THE GROUP OF IBEXES WHICH ARE SHOWN ALSO IN FIGS. 2 AND 5. THIS SHOWS THE EXTRAORDINARILY HIGH RELIEF IN WHICH THE HIND-QUARTERS OF THE FEMALE IBEX ARE CARVED, AND ALSO THE TRACE OF AN EARLIER CARVING (PERHAPS OF A BISON) ON WHICH THE WHOLE IBEX GROUP HAS BEEN SUPERIMPOSED.

A distance of 15 metres now separates our two trenches, and though we are getting nearer to the rock-fall we may hope to find a further stretch of the frieze in place before we reach the point where the collapse begins. Even now, however, it is perhaps the finest thing of its kind yet discovered—longer and more varied than the frieze of horses in the Magdalenian shelter of Cap Blanc, near Les Eyzies, and more accomplished than the Solutrean sculptures of Le Roc de Sers, in the Charente—while nothing like the graceful, naturalistic life-size human figures is yet known in palæolithic art.



(FIG. 5.) "THE FINEST THING OF ITS KIND YET DISCOVERED": A GROUP OF IBEXES, SCULPTURED 12,000 YEARS AGO, AND VIVIDLY PORTRAYING IN LIFE-SIZE FIGURES A SCENE OF ANIMAL LIFE—A HERD PREPARING TO DEAL WITH AN ATTACK.

Of the various astonishing sculptures uncovered in the last few seasons—and especially in the summer of 1951—by Professor Garrod and Mlle. de St.-Mathurin at the Roc aux Sorciers rock-shelter near Angles-sur-l'Anglin, Vienne, the most perfectly realised is the one shown above. The depth of relief varies and the upper part is somewhat disfigured by the effect of soil acids and, for the assistance of the reader, the whole group is shown in Fig. 2 with the separate figures of the group outlined. It should be emphasised that all the figures are life-size. The dominating figure in the upper part of the group is a vigorously portrayed male ibex, obviously alert to danger and facing it as it comes from the left, *i.e.* downstream. His posture may be compared with the photograph (Fig. 1) of an ibex taken within the last few months in the Bavarian highlands. To the left, on the same level, is another male, looking backwards downstream. This is much clumsier work and was probably altered at another date. The head is spoilt by humic-acid action; and indeed the heads of both bucks need very careful photography in oblique light. In the lower series is a very fine female ibex in very deep relief (see Fig. 4) moving away from the danger, shepherding before her a young kid. Further right (not shown in this photograph, but visible in Fig. 2) is an old ibex, apparently stumbling forward on to its knees, but this is not yet completely disengaged from the debris which still hides much of the rock wall. Nevertheless, the scene as a whole is quite clear. Danger threatens from downstream. The young and vigorous males of the herd turn and stand to meet this danger; while the females, young, and old males make off upstream to safety. The dominant figures of the principal male, the female and the kid are sculptured (like the horses of Figs. 6 and 7) with mastery, affection derived from close observation and an apparently disinterested love of the subject and the practice of art.



FIG. 6. AN ASTONISHING PIECE OF SCULPTURE BY AN ARTIST OF TWELVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO : THE LOW RELIEF OF A MARE, WITH HEAD TURNED BACKWARD, FOUND DURING THE LAST SUMMER AT THE ROC AUX SORCIERS IN VIENNE, CENTRAL FRANCE. IN FIG. 3, THE SAME RELIEF IS SHOWN OUTLINED FOR EASY REFERENCE.



FIG. 7. THE SECOND COMPLETE HORSE-SCULPTURE FOUND AT THE ROC AUX SORCIERS. THOUGH NOT SO WELL PRESERVED AS FIG. 6, THE FIGURE HAS THE SAME NATURALISTIC GRACE AND THE POSTURE, WITH HEAD LOWERED AND TEETH BARED TO CROP, THROWS LIGHT ON PREVIOUSLY-FOUND HEAD FRAGMENTS.

THE HORSES OF 12,000 YEARS AGO : TWO OF THE ASTONISHING SERIES OF ROCK-SCULPTURES RECENTLY DISCOVERED.

In our issue of July 7, 1951, we reproduced fragments of sculpture of four horses' heads which had been discovered by Professor Garrod and Mlle. de St.-Mathurin in the débris of a fallen Magdalenian rock-shelter near Angles-sur-l'Anglin, Vienne. In three of these it was quite clear that the teeth were bared, and in two of them part of a fore-foot appeared near the muzzle. In their most recent excavations, however (described on page 454), Professor Garrod and

Mlle. de St.-Mathurin have discovered the two complete horse-sculptures shown above. These are not only astonishing in themselves, but also as showing a prehistoric artist's simple delight in portraying animal forms and movement. Fig. 7, the grazing horse, also explains at least two, and probably three, of the horse-head fragments reproduced in the previous issue, and indicates that these should be viewed as perpendicular to the ground and not parallel to it.



(FIG. 8.) "THE THREE GRACES" OF THE ROC AUX SORCIERS : A UNIQUE AND UNPARALLELED GROUP OF LIFE-SIZE HUMAN SCULPTURE OF 12,000 YEARS AGO ; THE THREE NUDE FEMALE FIGURES, HEADLESS BY INTENTION BUT OTHERWISE COMPLETELY NATURALISTIC.

Quite easily the most remarkable of the groups of Magdalenian rock-sculpture newly uncovered by Professor Garrod and Mlle. de St.-Mathurin in the Roc aux Sorciers rock-shelter near Angles-sur-l'Anglin, in Vienne, is this group of three female figures, depicted in relief from the waist downwards. The one on the left is shown three-quarter face, and it would appear that the feet have never been carved. The central figure, which is practically full face, is in rather higher relief, but the legs have broken away just at the thighs. The third, on the right, is flatter and not quite so naturalistic; and it would appear that this figure has been superimposed on a frieze of bison, as traces of one bison can be seen to the left of the hips and a large area of another bison at the knee-level. Since the roof of the cave is so near it seems that the sculptor had no intention of portraying the heads and shoulders, but above the central figure there appears, when the face of the rock is carefully illuminated obliquely, a small, rather triangular head. This is, however, of inferior workmanship, is placed far too low down and to one side; and in view of the grace and naturalism of the remainder of the sculpture, Professor Garrod and Mlle. de St.-Mathurin find it impossible to admit as part of the "Three Graces" group. The bison sculptures are likewise assumed to have nothing to do with the human sculptures, which have simply been superimposed on them, as is not uncommon in prehistoric cave art. Nothing like these "graceful, naturalistic, life-size human figures" has yet been discovered in Palæolithic art; but much of the shelter remains to be excavated, and further friezes may yet be discovered. At all events, the grace, the technique and the attitude of the sculptors so far revealed go a long way to revise our ideas of what sort of a man our Magdalenian ancestor was; and suggest a degree of sensitivity and even sophistication which are hard to visualise even in much later ages.

ONE OF THE LAST FOOTHOLDS OF THE WEST ON THE CHINESE MAINLAND: HONG KONG. SCENES IN BRITAIN'S CROWN COLONY, NOW FACING TRADE AND ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES.



LIVING BETWEEN THE ISLAND AND THE MAINLAND OF ASIA: HONG KONG HARBOUR, WHICH IS THE FINEST ON THE EAST ASIAN COAST.



BUILT TO PRESERVE HONG KONG'S WATER SUPPLIES, WHICH HAVE TO BE CAREFULLY CONSERVED: A RESERVOIR ON THE KOWLOON TO TAI FO CHAI ROAD.



WITH HONG KONG ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE: A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF TAI MO SHAN (3145 FT.), THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE COLONY, LOOKING SOUTH-SOUTH-EAST.



TRANSFORMED FROM A BARREN ROCK TO ONE OF THE LARGEST CITIES IN THE FAR EAST: HONG KONG—A SCENE IN VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL CITY.



A DRIED-FISH SHOP: A LARGE PORTION OF THE CATCH IS SALTED AND DRIED, BUT ONLY ABOUT 40 PER CENT IS CONSUMED LOCALLY, THE REST GOING TO CHINA.



RICE HARVEST ON THE MAINLAND: PRACTICALLY ALL RENT OF FARMLAND IS PAID IN TERMS OF RICE, WHICH MAKES IT AN IMPORTANT CROP TO THE FARMER.

ALONG the seventeen-mile border that separates the colony of Hong Kong from Communist China, British battalions are drawn up facing Chinese formations. The Communists are reported to have some 1500 troops stationed along their frontier, the majority belonging apparently to local guard units. Although this colony is now more heavily garrisoned than at any time in its past, not many British troops are to be seen near the border, the supervision of which is left to Hong Kong's police force, which is predominantly Chinese. Since the Korean war, much has been done to strengthen Hong Kong's defences; a new airfield has been built and a concrete military highway



IN A CHINESE RESIDENTIAL AREA: A TYPICAL HONG KONG SCENE, SHOWING THE IRON GRILLES (FOREGROUND), WHICH ARE A NECESSARY PRECAUTION AGAINST THIEVES.

opened. Hong Kong had been enjoying a period of astonishing prosperity since the end of World War II, but now a restricting combination of the U.S. embargo, imposed early in 1951, and the sharp curtailment of Chinese Communist spending in Hong Kong, is causing a trade slump. In his Budget speech to the Legislative Council on March 5, Sir Alexander Grantham, the Governor, gave evidence of the courage and resolution with which the Colony is facing its difficulties. Total trade has fallen a million tons below the level reached in 1950. There is serious unemployment and some unrest, but Hong Kong is budgeting for the largest public works programme ever undertaken there.



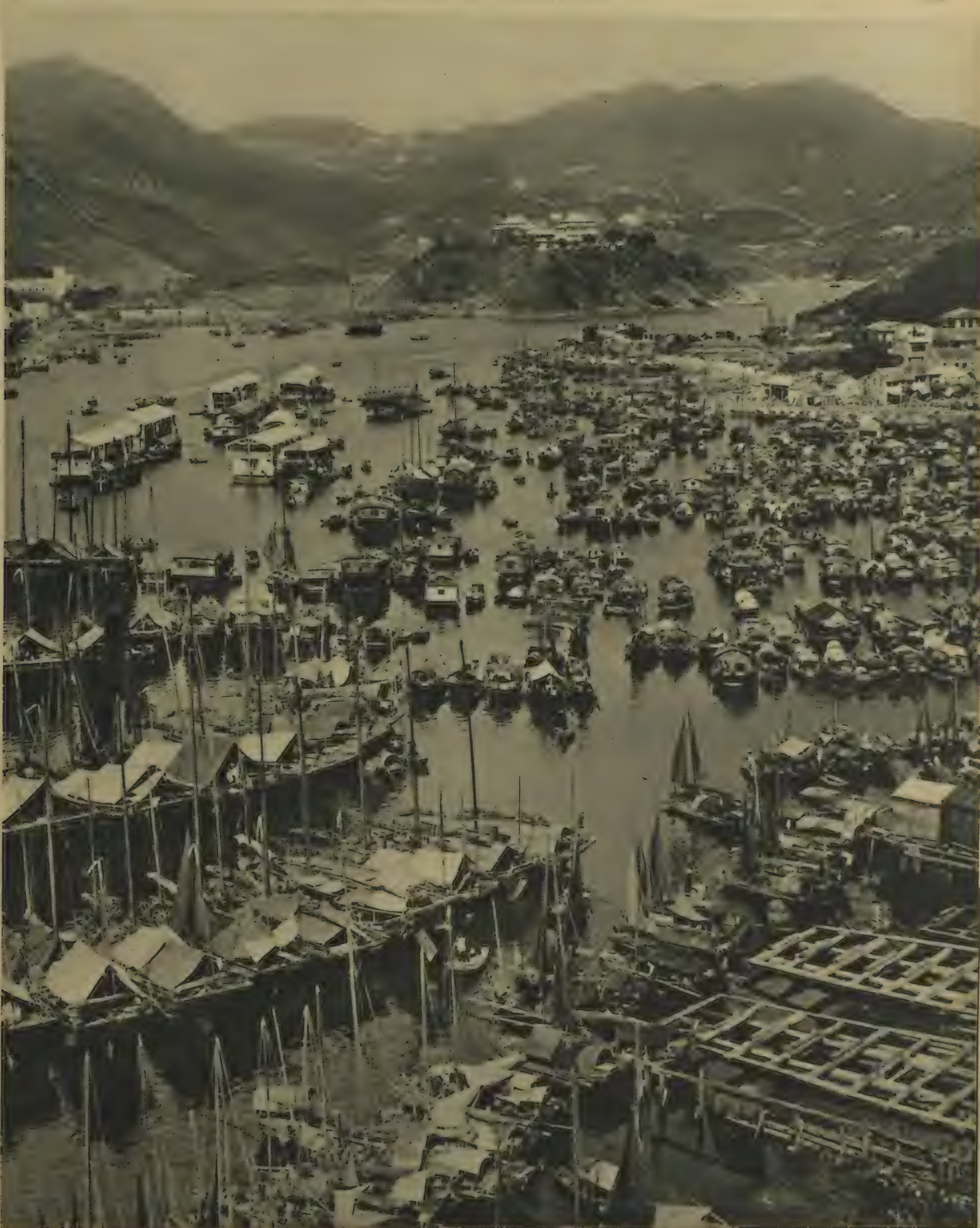
BRINGING IN THE CATCH: CHINESE CARRYING BASKETS OF FISH FROM SAMPANS. THE MAIN CATCH LANDED IS MACKEREL, SCAD, ANCHOVIES, LIZARD FISH, GOLDEN THREAD, AND CROAKER.



BRITAIN'S LAST LAND-LINK WITH CHINA : THE CROWN COLONY OF HONG KONG, WHICH WAS ONCE A BARREN SEABOARD TRACT ;
A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR AND THE PENINSULA OF KOWLOON TAKEN FROM THE PEAK.

One of the last major footholds of the West on the Chinese mainland is the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, which is situated at the mouth of the Canton River, about 91 miles south of Canton. The Colony includes Hong Kong Island (32 square miles), on which is situated the capital city of Victoria, the ceded territory of Kowloon ($3\frac{1}{2}$ square miles), Stonecutters' Island ($\frac{1}{4}$ square mile), and the New

Territories, which consist of the remainder of the mountainous peninsula of Kowloon, together with numerous islands (355 square miles), leased from China on July 1, 1898, for ninety-nine years. The total area of the Colony is roughly 391 square miles, a large proportion of which is steep and unproductive hillside. Hong Kong Island is 11 miles long, and varies in width from 2 to 5 miles.



AN ASPECT OF LIFE IN OLD HONG KONG: THE FLOATING HOMES OF SOME OF THE CHINESE INHABITANTS OF THE CROWN COLONY IN THE JUNK HARBOUR AT SHAUKIWAN, JUST OUTSIDE THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO HONG KONG HARBOUR.

The Crown Colony of Hong Kong was ceded by China to Great Britain in January, 1841; the cession was confirmed by the Treaty of Nanking, in August, 1842, and the Charter bears the date April 5, 1843, since when Hong Kong has been under British administration, with the exception of the period from December 25, 1941, to September 16, 1945, when it was occupied by the

Japanese. Sir Alexander Grantham, who has been Governor since 1947, has had his term of office extended by two years until July, 1954. In the normal way he would be due for recall to London or for transfer in July. The Governor is aided by an Executive Council, which includes the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief; there is also a Legislative Council presided over by the Governor.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN. OF WORMS.

EARLY birds and fishermen seem to be the only folk in this country who take worms with any seriousness.

This is surprising in view of their immense value to agriculture and horticulture. A fair index of the average Englishman's ignorance of, and lack of interest in, worms is the fact that he knows only two sorts by vernacular names—lob-worms and brandlings—and even these names are used more by fishermen than by gardeners. Yet there are some forty or more distinct species of earthworm in Britain, each doubtless with a high-sounding scientific Latin name. I say nothing about the creatures, the pretenders, that we call hyphenated worms, which are not true worms—meal-worms, silk-, tape-, thread-, ring-, wire-worms—and, of course, the folk for whom we feel supreme contempt.

The reason for our lack of interest in, and lack of vernacular names for, our forty or so species of earthworm is almost certainly due to the fact that, apart from fishing, we make no economic use of them. In this matter the Maoris of New Zealand, North Island, were, in the past, far ahead of us. They gave names to no fewer than eight different earthworms—which they used as food. These were *Kuharu*, *Noru*, *Wharu*, *Tarao*, *Pokotea*, *Tai*, *Kurekure* and *Whiti*. The two last were famed for their sweetness and flavour, and were reserved as food for the chiefs. The sweet flavour was said to remain in the mouth for two days. For the benefit of any of my readers who may be going to New Zealand, I will add the old Maori method of preparing these delicatessen for the table.

Those that contain earth must be "stripped," rather as one strips tooth-paste from a tube. A bowl is filled with water and warmed up by means of hot stones. The worms are then put into the water and allowed to remain for some hours. They will gradually become dissolved, or partially dissolved. But remember, on no account should the water be made too hot, or the worms will not melt. This is important.

That, therefore, is why the Maoris gave names to eight of their favourite species of worm; whereas we, making no use of our rich heritage—except for fishing—have not advanced beyond lob-worm and brandling. Our chief reactions to the worm question are that we often find them a bit of a nuisance—and definitely repulsive. They are especially detested by golf course greenkeepers, cricket grounds-men and keepers of tennis lawns, on account of the earth "casts" that they throw up, and so spoil the surface. If worms must be eradicated from fine turf, there are several proprietary chemical preparations on the market which may be watered on to the ground. The worms hurry to the surface and are then swept up and removed.

As a non-golfer, the passion for perfectly smooth, velvety putting-greens seems to me strangely illogical. Much labour and great sums of money are expended on constructing and planting such hazards as bunkers and clumps of gorse on either side of the fairway, just to make it more difficult; and yet, when it comes to putting-greens, a natural, ready-made hazard such as a single worm-cast, puts all golf-dom in a rage.

Earthworms are, of course, wonderful gardeners. Their deep burrowings aerate the soil and, at the same time, they are forever trenching and manuring it. They fill themselves with soil and then, having absorbed

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

from it what nourishment they require, they eject it on the surface of the ground in those great "casts"

that look so like great curly chocolate fondants. In addition, they drag all sorts of objects, straws, feathers, leaves, etc., down into their burrows, where they become valuable humus. Darwin, in his fascinating book, "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms," gives statistics as to the quantity of soil brought to the surface of an acre of grassland in the course of a year in this way. I have not got the book at hand to refer to, but the quantity is astonishing. He tells, too, how worms deal with pine needles in dragging them into their burrows. A pine needle, with its hairpin-like formation, if grasped by the worm by the tip of one of its two rigid prongs, would be almost impossible to drag into the burrow. The other prong would catch in the ground and resist. The worm wastes no time or energy on such foolishness. He explores the hairpin until he finds the junction of the two prongs, seizes it there, and draws it below ground without difficulty or resistance. Clever worm! Or if not clever, experienced.

Worms, although such good gardeners in a general way and such industrious trenchers, aeraters and fertilisers of the soil, are often a nuisance among small plants. When pans or boxes, into which young, delicate seedlings have been pricked out, are left standing on the ground, worms sometimes find their way into the pans and do much damage by throwing up their casts and burying the small plants, and even dragging some of them

down into their burrows. It is tiresome, too, when a worm finds his way into the soil in which a pot plant is growing. His heavings and burrowings cause too much root disturbance and often too much aeration. In this connection I was greatly annoyed by a worm last autumn. I brought a choice geranium in its pot into the house to winter on a window-sill. It had been standing all summer on a flower-bed in the open. On the surface of the soil I noticed an enormous worm-cast. This was not to be tolerated, and I decided on immediate eviction, and accordingly mixed a tumblerful of fairly strong mustard and water. Such a dose, I felt, would bring up anything. Not a bit of it. Not even a second, and stronger, dose had the slightest effect. Only then did I realise what had happened. Worm had come up from the bed where the pot had stood and so through the pot, to throw his cast. Then he had retired whence he had come. A false alarm.

A lively worm with a good complexion is a deadly bait for perch, that best of all our "coarse" fish. A handsome fellow, a fierce fighter, and as good eating, I—and many others—think, as a trout—he still tempts me out for an occasional morning's fishing at leaf fall. But I have never mastered my detestation of handling worms, and baiting hooks with them. Last year, however, I devised a way of mitigating this beastliness. Rolled in fine, dry meal they lose that loathsome combination of sliminess and rough drag, and are, at the same time, easy to handle and manipulate. But what about the giant worms in Natal, Southern India and Australia, three- and four-footers? Not even the prospect of perch proportionately large would induce me to battle with them and impale them on a hook.



THE GREAT PATRON OF THE EARTHWORM: CHARLES DARWIN, AN UNUSUAL—UNBEARDED—PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT VICTORIAN SCIENTIST.

In his article on this page Mr. Elliott refers to Charles Darwin's "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms, with observations on their habits." This book, which was published in 1881, was based on a short paper written in 1838 on observations made in Staffordshire. It was a very popular book and certainly had the effect of making mankind consciously aware—perhaps for the first time—of what a good friend they had in the earthworm.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



EARTHWORMS—AND A WORM WHICH WOULD BE AN ENGLISH GREENKEEPER'S NIGHTMARE: THE RIPLEY EARTHWORM (*Megascolides australis*) OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, WHICH REACHES LENGTHS OF 6 TO 12 FT., WITH TWO ORDINARY EARTHWORMS TO GIVE THE SCALE.

As Mr. Elliott writes, even the prospect of landing perch proportionate to the size of the bait would not tempt him to the task of threading such a monster upon a fish-hook. The Ripley earthworm is confined to the wet river slopes of Southern Gippsland, of the State of Victoria. Its length doubles when wriggling through the grass or when held up for inspection. [Photograph by Courtesy of the Australian News and Information Bureau.]

GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL AS IT IS TO-DAY: UNFINISHED, AND APPEALING FOR FUNDS.

IN these photographs we show something of the present state of Guildford Cathedral Church of the Holy Spirit. It stands on Stag Hill and the foundation-stone (brought from Jarrow, the home of the Venerable Bede) was laid in July, 1936, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The building, designed by Mr. Edward Maufe, is eventually to be cruciform.

[Continued below]



THE ARMS OF THE FIRST BISHOP CARVED FROM DOULTING STONE BY VERNON HILL.



GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. THE TOWER, AT THIS STAGE ONLY 85 FT. HIGH, WILL EVENTUALLY RISE TO A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 180 FT.



RIISING FROM THE TOP OF STAG HILL, GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL AS IT IS TO-DAY. IT WILL EVENTUALLY BE CRUCIFORM AND IS HERE SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.



WHERE THE NAVE OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL WILL JOIN THE CROSSING, WHEN THE DESIGN IS COMPLETED. THE TWO TRANSEPTS ARE HERE SHOWN AND THE INCOMPLETE TOWER.



THE SANCTUARY OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL AS IT IS AT PRESENT. THE INTERIOR STONE FACING IS DOULTING STONE, THE EXTERIOR STONWORK CLIPSHAM STONE.



ST. URSULA'S PORCH—THE BISHOP'S ENTRANCE, WITH CROZIER DOOR-HANDLES—THE GIFT OF MR. W. FITZ-SIMON. THE DIOCESAN ARMS WERE CARVED BY ERIC GILL.



IN A NICHE INSIDE ST. URSULA'S PORCH: THE STATUE OF ST. URSULA, CARVED BY VERNON HILL. THE INSCRIPTION RECORDS THAT THE PORCH IS IN MEMORY OF MRS. FITZ-SIMON.



THE CRYPT CHAPEL OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL, THE ONLY PART IN USE FOR SERVICES. IT LIES BELOW THE LADY CHAPEL AND WILL EVENTUALLY REVERT TO ITS PLANNED FUNCTION—CHOIR-PRACTICE ROOM.

[Continued.]

365 ft. long, 70 ft. high, 40 ft. wide and with a tower of 180 ft. The material is rose-coloured brick from the clay of Stag Hill, with stone facing and piers and concrete vaulting. It was hoped that the first part would be open for worship in 1941, but the war put a stop to progress. Progress since the war has been held up by shortages, not only of materials but also of funds, and the Diocesan authorities have put out an appeal for £86,000 to enable the first part to be completed. One of the Cathedral's chief benefactors has been the late Lord Bennett.

I HAVE no intention of writing anything more on the tragic political differences between India and Pakistan, but only on their effects. On the former subject, indeed, there is little new to be said, since the situation has for some time remained unchanged. Nor is it necessary from my present point of view to speculate whether the withdrawal of India from the rôle of Commonwealth policeman, previously shared by British India—and by it almost alone—with the United Kingdom, is due to a greater extent to these differences or to the deliberate policy of the Government of India. The point I want to make is that at the present moment the forces of India and Pakistan practically cancel each other out. Both have been greatly reduced, those of India especially, and their rôle has become that of watching each other. Not all the national bitterness extends to the troops. Two officers, one from either army, recently clasped hands and said in the hearing of Britons that they would never fight each other, whatever their orders. "Conduct to the prejudice" could be alleged against them, but many will find a grain of sympathy for their predicament.

The "small wars" in which the forces of united India took part, sometimes alongside British units, sometimes by themselves, have of late been blown upon. Whether this is because it is now felt to be unporting to fight enemies of a more primitive type than oneself or because a mistaken view treats colonies as loot, whereas they are generally very costly to the Mother Country, I do not know. I think there is much to be said for the verdict of Major E. W. Sheppard expressed in his "Short History of the British Army," that if we believe "that peace and order are preferable to massacre and plunder, that the cultivation of the soil is more fruitful than slave-trading, that sheep and oxen rather than human beings are meant for human food, that the rule of an enlightened, disinterested and justice-loving civilised man is more enduring than that of an irresponsible and bloodstained barbarian or a half-crazy religious fanatic," then there is little difficulty in defending most such undertakings. By comparison with the majority of "great wars" they are at once justifiable and humane. They generally bring immediate benefits in their train, which has seldom been the case with the great European wars.

Time after time in the course of the last century we hear of the outbreak of turbulence, outrage or banditry. A force from India, proportionate to the scope of the disturbance, arrives on the scene. Generally within a very short period, sometimes a matter of weeks, the trouble is extinguished. The people return to their relatively peaceful avocations. They have been known on occasion to play football matches against the expeditionary force while it is packing up to return home. A brigadier is deservedly appointed a Commander of the Star of India, and a medal or a bar is issued to his troops. Then the public forgets all about the affair. In the circumstances of to-day this splendid extinguisher of warlike flames, this most efficient of fire-brigades, which did so little damage to the structure which it came out to save, is no longer available. The Commonwealth is the weaker for its absence and the world the unhappier. To rail about its disappearance serves no useful purpose. It is gone, perhaps for ever, but by no means necessarily so. Yet we cannot overlook the loss to peace and security and in the struggle in which half the world is now engaged, that against militant Communism.

A greater danger still now has to be considered. Since India gained independence the internal policy of Mr. Nehru's Government has provided a substantial buckler against the advance of Communism. This made surprisingly little progress in the years immediately after the war. Now for the first time it appears likely to spread to such an extent as to become a nuisance. This is a risk to which most Asiatic communities are subject, because their populations are excessive and press so hard upon the available means of subsistence that a large proportion of them remain always hungry. Nature's former rough remedies for this state of affairs, plague and famine, have not been entirely suppressed, but their effects have been so much reduced that they hardly influence the growth of population. The standard of living can be raised by industrialisation and organisation; indeed, it has already to a considerable extent. Yet the process is a slow one, much slower than that of the spread of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. INDIA, PAKISTAN AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Communism, once it takes root. The possibility cannot be disregarded that, before the Indian standard of living can be raised more than another fraction, Communism will be well enough established to pose the major problem of the safety, if not the existence, of a free system of government.

At the same time exterior influences may become important. To the east of India lies the vacuum of south-east Asia. I wrote here recently about the situation in Burma, which is menaced by what may be described as a most serious Communist revolt. It is one of the least stable States in the world, which is saying a great deal. Siam, on the contrary, represents something near to a military dictatorship, in which Communism has been suppressed, but that does connote much greater prospect of resistance to

enterprising foe, fertile of ideas, opportunity to strengthen his position. At the moment, the Chinese rebels appear to be concentrating upon killing off as many as possible of the Malays who oppose them and terrorising the rest into subjection in the first place and in the second into participation in their campaign. They may be making a mistake, for the Malay is capable of stubborn resistance

when roused; but they express themselves as confident of success. Whatever be their policy—and they will not be at a loss for another if this should be found unpromising—the task of restoring order in the Federation of Malaya would become infinitely more difficult were Communist and Chinese influence to be extended over Burma, Siam and Indo-China.

India shuts her eyes to these affairs. This policy will pay only if the efforts and sacrifices of other Powers stave off the menace. It is not certain, however, that they will succeed in so doing; it is conceivable that they might at some future period find it desirable, in default of adequate Asiatic co-operation in their attempt to save southern Asia from Communism, to draw their defensive perimeter tighter and give up Asia as a bad job. I do not of course suggest

that such an action is as yet being considered or that there is the slightest need for it. Whatever extremists may urge or foes allege, Anglo-American policy has not opposed Communism by force except in cases where Communism has sought to extinguish liberty by force; otherwise its only weapon is propaganda. If the proselytism of Soviet Russia and China, or the complacency and indifference of Asiatic Governments, or the vague yearnings of their people give Communism the predominance in India and south-east Asia, the free Powers will have no desire to interfere and are aware that interference would be fruitless. Not that they can be exempted from blame. The truce arranged by the United States in China on the conclusion of the war with Japan may have been a powerful factor in the Communist triumph. The weak and purposeless handling of affairs in Malaya by the British at the same period gave revolutionary Communism there a start which it need not have been allowed.

I have so far said nothing of Pakistan except to note the effect of quarrels between it and India. Its policy towards its unruly elements in the great mountain fringe which overlooks its plains has been at once firm and adroit, and in dealing with them it has the advantage of being an Islamic State. It has passed through some troubled experience with a revolutionary fraternity, but this has achieved little apparent progress. In one respect Pakistan has shown consciousness of the double rôle which it can play as a member of the British Commonwealth and a powerful predominantly Muslim community. Pakistani statesmen have recently taken an important part, behind the scenes of the United Nations meeting in Paris, and probably elsewhere, in attempts to reconcile British and Egyptian views on the present dispute and on the future of the defence of the Middle East. Gratitude is due to them for their attitude in this

tangled affair. Britain has to guard against the danger of appearing to take sides in the controversy between the two States which are the successors of British India. At different times, indeed, accusations have been heard that British policy was "pro-Indian" and "pro-Pakistani," but these furnish evidence of the difficulty of the British position rather than of British partisanship.

I do not write in pessimism. India and Pakistan have both made a fair start upon their new roads. Yet it is to be regretted that these have not run more nearly parallel. While the present situation continues the influence of both India and Pakistan must be compromised and an element of strength and stability in southern Asia must remain unapplied. This element is still in being; though now inanimate, it has not perished. Yet it is hard to conceive a time, at least in nominal peace, when its active presence could be more sorely missed than it is at this moment. It is in no selfish spirit that Britain regrets its absence, which threatens the future of the two States themselves at least as much as purely British interests. It may indeed be that the present policy of Soviet Russia is more menacing to India and Pakistan than to Britain; at all events, the cold war seems to have been to a large extent shifted from Europe to Asia. In any case, the fates of all free nations are closely linked to-day.

THE POLITICAL INSTABILITY OF FRANCE.

POST-LIBERATION PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENTS.

GENERAL DE GAULLE September 10, 1944—October 21, 1945	58 weeks.
GENERAL DE GAULLE November 21, 1945—January 21, 1946	8 weeks 5 days.
M. GOUIN January 27, 1946—June 11, 1946	19 weeks 3 days.
M. BIDAULT June 24, 1946—November 29, 1946	22 weeks 2 days.
M. BLUM December 16, 1946—January 16, 1947	4 weeks 3 days.

INAUGURATION OF THE FOURTH REPUBLIC.

M. RAMADIER January 21, 1947—May 9, 1947	15 weeks 3 days.
M. RAMADIER May 9, 1947—October 23, 1947	23 weeks 6 days.
M. RAMADIER October 23, 1947—November 19, 1947	3 weeks 6 days.
M. SCHUMAN November 24, 1947—July 19, 1948	34 weeks.
M. MARIE July 26, 1948—August 28, 1948	4 weeks 5 days.
M. SCHUMAN September 5, 1948—September 7, 1948	3 days.
M. QUEUILLE September 12, 1948—October 5, 1949	55 weeks 3 days.
M. BIDAULT October 27, 1949—July 1, 1950	35 weeks 1 day.
M. PLEVEN July 12, 1950—February 28, 1951	31 weeks 5 days.
M. QUEUILLE March 9, 1951—July 10, 1951	17 weeks 4 days.
M. PLEVEN August 8, 1951—January 8, 1952	21 weeks 4 days.
M. FAURE January 21, 1952—February 29, 1952	5 weeks 3 days.
M. PINAY March 6, 1952—	

THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE SINCE THE LIBERATION OF 1944: A TABLE LISTING THE HEADS OF THE VARIOUS FRENCH MINISTRIES IN THE LAST SEVEN-AND-A-HALF YEARS AND THE LENGTH OF THEIR TENURES OF OFFICE.

The political difficulties of the French Republic are watched with anxious eyes from across the Channel, and from the other side of the Atlantic; and though they are no new thing, as our table of French heads of Governments since 1944 records, they are a cause of increasing disquiet to friends and allies of that great European nation. Captain Cyril Falls wrote in our issue of September 18, 1948, on the subject of the rapid changes of French Governments that "... the political structure is so fragile that there is a distinct risk of popular democratic government failing to maintain itself because it fails to solve the problems with which it is faced"—prophetic words indeed. *The Times* wrote, on February 29, 1952, that: "For the past two months the French State has been in the uncomfortable position of being authorised to spend money but not empowered to collect the corresponding revenue," and this led to the latest crisis. On February 29, M. Faure, who took office on January 21, resigned after a defeat on a motion of confidence regarding proposed tax increases. M. Paul Reynaud attempted to form a Government supported by all parties save the Communists, but the Socialists would not work with the de Gaullists. M. René Pleven was then approached, but refused. On March 4, M. Pinay, Minister of Transport in the outgoing Government and a member of M. Reynaud's party, agreed to attempt to form a right-wing coalition. On March 6 he was elected Prime Minister by 324 votes to 206. He obtained the majority because 27 de Gaullists seceded from their party and supported him.

Communism in unfavourable circumstances. To put it more simply, Siam could not be expected to survive the triumph of Communism in Indo-China. A certain uneasiness on this score is now being expressed in Paris. Last year's upsurge of enthusiasm and the favourable transformation of the military situation were so closely linked with the personal prestige and genius of the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny that there cannot be a certainty of their maintenance when he is no longer on the scene. General Salan carried his confidence, and his tactics may be equally good; but he has to persuade Viet Nam, and especially its youth, that they are. The recent French withdrawal across the Black River and the abandonment of Colonial Highway No. 6 has probably created some depression. Whether or not it is justified, it is an important psychological factor in a war which is itself in great part psychological.

In Malaya, General Sir Gerald Templer's new broom has not begun to sweep. It could not have been expected to; in fact, the probability is rather that the initiation of fresh organisation and tactics in the war against murder and outrage will, to begin with, result in worse returns rather than better. If the machine has not been running as it should, the wise course is to put it right, but only the minimum of time can be afforded, because the slightest and shortest relaxation of pressure affords a clever and



SUBJECT OF AN APPEAL BY SOCIALIST COUNCILLORS AT A RECENT PADDINGTON BOROUGH COUNCIL MEETING: THE DAMAGED STATUE OF MRS. SIDDONS, THE GREAT ACTRESS. A report of the Parks Committee that the Paddington Council would not be justified in spending money at present on repairing the statue of Mrs. Siddons on Paddington Green was strongly criticised by Socialist councillors at a recent Paddington Borough Council meeting. The statue has a broken nose and foot, and several fingers are missing. Sir Henry Irving unveiled the statue, by Chavalliaud after the portrait by Reynolds, in 1897.

MEMORIALS TO THE GREAT IN PARIS, AND LONDON, AND A KING ON HOLIDAY.



HOLIDAYING IN SWITZERLAND: KING BAUDOUIN OF BELGIUM (LEFT) WITH HIS BROTHER, PRINCE ALBERT (RIGHT), AND HALF-BROTHER, PRINCE ALEXANDRE. King Baudouin of Belgium arrived at Gstaad, Switzerland, by train on March 3 for a fortnight's winter sports holiday. He was accompanied by his sister, Princess Josephine Charlotte, his brother, Prince Albert, and his half-brother, Prince Alexandre. King Baudouin and his sister lived at Gstaad during most of their father's five-year exile in Switzerland.



PARIS HONOURS THE MEMORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: THE UNIFORM WORN BY THE EMPEROR AT WATERLOO; AT THE EXHIBITION IN THE INVALIDES. This moment, when the European Army and the part which France is to play in the Defence Programme are questions of the hour, is a highly suitable time for an exhibition devoted to France's greatest military commander, Napoleon Bonaparte. An interesting display of relics connected with him opened recently



FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE PRINCESSE DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE: NAPOLEON'S HELMET AND CUIRASS ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION, "NAPOLEON ET LA GRANDE ARMÉE." In the Salle d'Honneur of the Invalides, under the title of "Napoléon et la Grande Armée," and will continue until the end of May. The objects on view include portraits, battle pictures, documents, decorations, uniforms and relics, many lent for the occasion from private collections.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PARTY PIECES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE is," said Gilbert's Lady Jane, "a transcendentalism of delirium—an acute accentuation of supremest ecstasy—which the earthly might easily mistake for indigestion." There were moments during the eccentric house-party of "Nightmare Abbey," at the Westminster, when I could not help thinking of Castle Bunthorne. Affairs in the Abbey are often "jolly utter"; I am quite sure that Christopher Glowry and Scythrop, his son, would have agreed that the dust of an earthy to-day is the earth of a dusty to-morrow.

This dramatisation of "Nightmare Abbey" is the boldest move in the West End theatre for months. Last autumn a version of "Crotchet Castle" was broadcast; but it was not easy to believe that Thomas Love Peacock, for all his habit of writing in dialogue, would take to the theatre. I do not imagine he thought of this when he wrote the novel at Great Marlow round about 1818.

Peacock was laughing at the wilder side of the Romantic Movement; at philosophers who gloomed and loomed; at poets who were eloquent and muddled on revolution and free love; and at all the nonsensical hocus-pocus, the sepulchral rites of the Gothick novel. In its place, between the covers of "Nightmare Abbey," the early nineteenth-century joke is richly comic, but how does it go on the mid-twentieth-century stage? We have to agree, unexpectedly, that it goes very well indeed, thanks to a cast in the spirit of the joke; to a dramatist (Anthony Sharp), who has the knack of both selection and pastiche; and to a producer (John Fernald), who can find all the fun in this Doubting Castle without exploring it too eagerly, hammering every nail once too often.

Playgoers who want to join the house-party at Nightmare should read the book first. If they have done so, then they have the entry, and they will marvel at the way in which Mr. Sharp has expanded the story of Scythrop's plight between the claims of Stella in her tower and Marionetta below. They will recognise also, as old friends, the residents and guests of Nightmare, though they may look longingly for the Byronic Mr. Cypress, to whom Glowry observes: "There is a delightful melancholy in saying farewell to an old acquaintance, when the chances are twenty to one against ever meeting again. A smiling bumper to a sad parting, and let us all be unhappy together."

The stranger to Peacock, anyone to whom the book is barely a name, and the movement it satirises barely a shade, may be puzzled at first, though the programme can help. No other West End programme is so detailed as this: it is a pleasure to have something more than the name of the cast and—in small type—a sheaf of obscure "credits."

John Fernald's pithy note is the right short introduction to Peacock. He could have added, maybe, that Mr. Flosky, meshed in the denser thickets of philosophic lingo, is Coleridgean, and that Scythrop is Shelleyan. Still, one can enjoy the production without that. The house-party is most subtly acted. Charles Lloyd Pack has contained and blissful gloom as Christopher Glowry, owner of the

Abbey between the fens and the sea; Eric Berry's Toobad, streaming like a banner his text from Revelation, has clearly looked into the dark heart of life and found it properly dismal; Alan MacNaughtan's Scythrop is a sensitive plant; Richard Warner's Flosky speaks from the depths of a swirling fog; and Geoffrey Dunn (Listless), so fatigued on his sofa, will plainly never rise again, even with the help



"AN ECCENTRIC HOUSE-PARTY TO BE VISITED": "NIGHTMARE ABBEY" AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. GLOWRY (CHARLES LLOYD PACK), STELLA (ANNE TREGO), SCYTHROP (ALAN MACNAUGHTAN), MR. TOOBAD (ERIC BERRY), MARIONETTA (VALERIE HANSON), THE HON. MR. LISTLESS (GEOFFREY DUNN) AND MR. HILARY (DONALD ECCLES). Anthony Sharp's dramatisation of Thomas Love Peacock's novel "Nightmare Abbey" is, writes Mr. Trewin, "the boldest move in the West End theatre for months." He describes it as "a thoroughly surprising night out in a Westminster bewitched." Our photograph shows the scene after it has been discovered that Scythrop has been keeping Stella in his tower.

of his memory-man, Fatout (the valet is the single disappointing performance). All of these, and others, are Peacockian. Anthony Sharp is responsible for the increased somnambulism of Crow, the steward, and for several of the journeys of Raven, the butler, for whom Gerald Cross finds a right leg that seems—to our fascination—to have a loose hinge.

On the first night, newcomers to Peacock took half an hour to get into the spirit of Nightmare.



"A FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY AT THE GARRICK": JANE COOPER (NORA SWINBURNE), LORA SUTHERLAND (FAY COMPTON) AND HELEN CONRAD (DOROTHY DICKSON) (L. TO R.) IN "RED LETTER DAY." "Red Letter Day" "is lucky enough to have in it such actresses as Fay Compton and Nora Swinburne, Miss Compton does all that technique can for a New York woman whose domestic life is alarmingly complicated."

parting, and let us all be unhappy together." The stranger to Peacock, anyone to whom the book is barely a name, and the movement it satirises barely a shade, may be puzzled at first, though the programme can help. No other West End programme is so detailed as this: it is a pleasure to have something more than the name of the cast and—in small type—a sheaf of obscure "credits."

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That is why I recommend a preliminary session with the book. It will reveal some of the beauties that cannot be shown in the theatre. We do not note, for example, Mr. Toobad's sudden and violent contact with Scythrop, when they "plunge together to the foot of the stairs, like two billiard-balls in one pocket." We do not hear Mr. Cypress inquiring how one can be cheerful in the midst of disappointment and despair, or learn that Mr. Flosky has "lain perdu several years in transcendental darkness till the common daylight of common sense became intolerable to his eyes." On the other side, we do have, uncut, the nonsense that Scythrop throws off in haste (as part of a supposed tragedy on the German model) to satisfy his suspicious father, who hears a woman's voice in the tower. "I am writing a tragedy," says Scythrop, "and acting over a scene to myself." He goes on to explain that the Great Mogul is in exile, and has found lodgings at Kensington with his only daughter, the Princess Rantorina, who takes in needlework and keeps a day school. Presently we reach the remarkable line, "Shoe-strings, hearts and empires! Mysterious sympathy!" No more mysterious, I suggest, than Flosky's remark earlier: "Tea, late dinners, and the French Revolution have played the devil, and brought the devil into play." He adds: "I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him, the connection of whose ideas any other person can see."

I hope, at least, I can make it clear that this is an eccentric house-party to be visited, a thoroughly surprising night out in a Westminster bewitched. Dramatists will be wise to let well alone now. Peacock has strutted once, with dazzling effect; but it may not happen again. The best passage in a curiously flat revival of "King Lear" at the Old Vic, is that of Lear's house- (or palace) party, when he divides his kingdom and entertains the "vines of France" and "milk of Burgundy." For a while the scene is of barbaric splendour. The old King is found massively enthroned among a Court whose attire reminds me of a favourite note in "The Child's Guide to Knowledge" (1866 edition): "At Petersburg and Moscow, bear-skins form one of the most costly articles in the winter wardrobe of a man of fashion." Then Stephen Murray's Lear seems likely to be a performance of power, and the exciting preliminaries to the tragedy are conducted with Hugh Hunt's imaginative gift. But the opening is not sustained. The fire of tragedy smoulders; Mr. Murray's Lear is



THE END OF "RED LETTER DAY": TOBY (JIMMY VERNER) AND HIS FATHER (HUGH WILLIAMS) SETTLE DOWN TO A GAME OF CHESS. Andrew Rosenthal's piece at the Garrick "skims along over a glossy surface" and ends with a game of chess and domestic problems solved.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR" (Duke of York's).—Felix Aylmer excelled in a comedy whose plot reached "a transcendentalism of delirium." (February 20–March 1.)
 "RED LETTER DAY" (Garrick).—Run-of-the-mill American comedy, acted—especially by Fay Compton—with loyal vigour. (February 21.)
 "SEE YOU AGAIN" (Watergate).—Astutely produced intimate revue. (February 21.)
 "THE LADY AND THE MORTAL MAN" (New Lindsey).—Limp fantasy in what the author alleges to be a Cornish inn. (February 25.)
 "NAVY AT SEA" (Comedy).—A naval farce that is another addition to the Juvenile Drama. (February 26.)
 "TO SEE OURSELVES" (Arts Theatre Club).—A moderate Delafield revival. (February 26.)
 "UNDER THE SKIN" (Embassy).—A mechanical "colour-bar" drama. (February 26.)
 "JINNY MORGAN" (Healey-on-Thames).—Howard Spring's often moving narrative of the Rhondra, well presented in repertory. (February 26.)
 "NIGHTMARE ABBEY" (Westminster).—Peacock's eccentrics blaze into the theatre. A night of real originality. (February 27.)
 "THE HIGH BID" (New Boltons).—The playing of Hermione Hadden and Hugh Burden distinguishes Basil Ashmore's restoration of a Henry James rarity; dialogue of style and flavour. (February 28.)
 "KING LEAR" (Old Vic).—A generally uninspired revival, with certain flashes, the Cordelia and the Edgar, for example. (March 3.)
 "THE VORTEX" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Noel Coward's party-piece, his assault on the sins of society, is now a period-piece, smart, shoddy, but always theatrical, and expressed with the right assurance by Isabel Jeans and her colleagues. (March 4.)

strongly but monotonously spoken, and at the last only a few players keep our allegiance, among them Daphne Slater's touching Cordelia, Peter Coke's Edgar, and the Regan and Goneril of Coral Browne and Freda Jackson.

A fiftieth birthday party at the Garrick ("Red Letter Day") is lucky to have in it such actresses as Fay Compton and Nora Swinburne. Miss Compton does all that technique can for a New York woman whose domestic life is alarmingly complicated. Andrew Rosenthal's piece skims along over a glossy surface. He manages to provide two of the most amusing telephone calls in the London theatre to-day—playgoers must discover these, unprimed—and they may help to keep the piece in memory. For the rest, let us all be unhappy together.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LAND, AIR AND SEA RECORDED:
ITEMS OF NEWS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS IN PICTURES.



AN AMERICAN MOTH WHICH MAY BECOME A DANGER TO TREES AND CROPS IN EUROPE: *HYPHANTRIA CUNEA*.

A conference was recently held in Vienna about the "Fall Webworm" (*Hyphantria cunea*), an American moth which may become a danger to trees and crops in Europe. It first appeared in Hungary after the war and has spread to Yugoslavia, Austria, and probably other countries. The species is normally white, but with a strong tendency to brown spotting, which is shown in the male at the top of our photograph.



A SERIOUS PEST OF BEET CROPS: THE MOTH *HYMENIA RECURVALIS*, WHICH HAS APPEARED IN BRITAIN RECENTLY.

A moth caught by Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell, Lancaster Herald, at Swanage last autumn has been identified as a specimen of *Hymenia recurvalis*, which is a serious pest of beet crops in many parts of the world. Three other specimens of the moth were caught by Mr. Frank H. Lees in South Devon early in September, 1951. The larvae feed on the leaves of beet.



BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST COD EVER CAUGHT IN DANISH WATERS: THE GREAT FISH, WHICH WEIGHED 54 LB., WITH ITS CAPTOR, LARS AAGE HANSEN, AND AN ASSISTANT AT KORSOR.



THE SMUGGLING OF CAR PARTS INTO COMMUNIST CHINA: CUSTOMS MEN AT SINGAPORE EXAMINING A HOLLOW BED-HEAD STUFFED WITH CONTRABAND MATERIAL ABOARD A SHIP. The U.N. blockade of Communist China has led to large-scale smuggling of war material, and recently Customs officers boarded a ship at Singapore which was bound for China and, unscrewing the bedsteads, found the bedheads and feet stuffed with car parts of every description.



EARLY PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION: EXAMINING THE STOCK OF PEERS' ROBES KEPT IN WATERPROOF BOXES UNDER THE STREETS OF COVENT GARDEN.

A firm in Covent Garden is now busy restoring robes which will be hired by peers and peeresses for the Coronation next year. These robes have been acquired from families who have disposed of them for one reason or another and are kept in waterproof boxes in strong-rooms under the streets of Covent Garden.



DESIGNED FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF CIVIL SERVANTS: A MODEL OF A TWELVE-STOREY BLOCK OF FLATS TO BE ERECTED IN LUSAKA, CAPITAL OF NORTHERN RHODESIA. Lusaka will soon have a block of flats of the most modern design. Our photograph shows a model of the twelve-storey block which is designed for the accommodation of Civil Servants. The block will accommodate 350 people, each flat having a lounge, kitchen and bathroom, and one or two bedrooms. There will be a restaurant to seat 350 persons, a lounge with a bar, a large recreation room, shops and a roof-garden. Provision is made for the care of children in a nursery.



SHOWING THE AIRCRAFT'S "SPEED BRAKES" OPERATING IN FLIGHT: A VIEW OF THE U.S.A. NORTHROP SCORPION F-89 TWIN-JET ALL-WEATHER INTERCEPTOR. Known as "decelerons," the double feature-surfaces seen in our photograph act as ailerons and speed brakes. In normal flight, the jaws are closed and the controls function as ordinary ailerons. In dives the jaws open fully for braking effect. During the accelerated service testing programme of the *Scorpion*, test pilots found it possible to make "express elevator" landings by use of the speed brakes, bringing the aircraft down from 40,000 ft.



"A WOMAN WHO CAN BRING YOU TWO INTO THE WORLD CAN LOOK AFTER HERSELF": QUEEN ELEANOR (MARTITA HUNT) WITH HER SONS, KING RICHARD (PATRICK DARG) AND PRINCE JOHN (HUBERT GREGG), WHO SEEMS TO USURP THE THRONE DURING HIS BROTHER'S IMPRISONMENT ABROAD.



THE WAGON BEARING THE MONEY COLLECTED TO RANSOM KING RICHARD LEAVING NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.



THE CAPTURE OF THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM (PETER FINCH): ROBIN HOOD AND STUTLEY (BILL OWEN) WELCOME WILL SCARLET (ANTHONY FORWOOD) AND LITTLE JOHN WITH THEIR PRISONER.

"ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN"

IN A NEW FILM PRESENTED BY WALT



"JOHN LITTLE, I DUB THEE LITTLE JOHN": WILL SCARLET (ANTHONY FORWOOD) INDUCES THE GIANT (JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE) INTO ROBIN HOOD'S BAND OF OUTLAWS.



IN THE OUTLAWS' CAMP: ROBIN HOOD, SCATHLOCK (MICHAEL HORDEENS), STUTLEY (BILL OWEN) AND WILL SCARLET (ANTHONY FORWOOD) ARE STARTLED BY AN ARROW, BEARING A MESSAGE, SHOT INTO THE CAMP.



WATCHING MAID MARIAN HANDING OVER MONEY CONTRIBUTED BY THE OUTLAWS FOR KING RICHARD'S RANSOM: QUEEN ELEANOR AND PRINCE JOHN.

IN TECHNICOLOR: THE FAMOUS OUTLAW

DISNEY WITH AN ALL-BRITISH CAST.



A FIGHT INTERRUPTED BY THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM: THE FIRST MEETING OF ROBIN HOOD (RICHARD TODD) AND FRIAR TUCK (JAMES HAVTER).



A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN THE R.K.O.-WALT DISNEY PRODUCTION OF "ROBIN HOOD": ESCORTED BY ROBIN HOOD'S MEN, MAID MARIAN (JOAN RICE) RIDES OUT OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.



ENTERING NOTTINGHAM TO MINGLE WITH THE CROWD AND LISTEN TO THE SHERIFF'S SPEECH: ROBIN HOOD DISGUISED AS A PALMER DURING ONE OF HIS ADVENTURES.



RECEIVING THE VICTOR'S GOLDEN ARROW FROM QUEEN ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE AFTER THE ARCHERY CONTEST AT NOTTINGHAM FAIR: ROBIN HOOD (RICHARD TODD), WHO HAS DISGUISED HIS SKILL WITH THE LONGBOW AND PRESENTS THE PRIZE TO MAID MARIAN.



TRYING DESPERATELY TO CLAMBER OVER THE EDGE OF THE RISING DRAWBRIDGE: ROBIN HOOD ESCAPES FROM THE CASTLE.



POURING OUT THE MONEY FROM THE PURSE HE HAS STOLEN FROM THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM: STUTLEY (BILL OWEN), WITH FRIAR TUCK AND THE OTHER OUTLAWS.

The R.K.O.-Walt Disney British production "Robin Hood and His Merrie Men" was due to have its world premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre in aid of the National Advertising Benevolent Society on March 13. In a foreword to the programme, Walt Disney says: "We have endeavoured to present on the screen,

for the first time, as factual an account of the world's most famous outlaw patriot, as our team of research experts, who worked for months before the beginning of production culling facts from every source, has made possible. The story of this fighter against tyranny and cruelty has always fascinated me—indeed, his deeds

have lived throughout the centuries as one of the most colourful and intriguing chapters of history. For our second all-live production we assembled an all-British cast and production crew. . . . We chose Richard Todd, surely one of to-day's most outstanding young actors, for the title-role, while Joan Rice, lovely

and enchanting new discovery, brings a fresh and new understanding to the character of Maid Marian. In "Robin Hood" I hope and believe we have made an outstanding motion picture that will shed a new light on one of the world's best-known fighters against oppression."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A DECISIVE CENTURY TO THE ART OF PAINTING.*

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

HERE is another volume, learned and enthusiastic, from the house of Skira, in Geneva, on Italian painting. The first, "The Creators of the Renaissance," was reviewed on this page on January 20, 1951. Now comes "The Renaissance," which deals with the sixteenth century from Leonardo da Vinci to Paul Veronese. Like its predecessor, it contains 105 colour reproductions. A few of these, it seems to me, fail to reach the standard set by the previous volume—one reader at least would be sorry to form a judgment of either Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks" or his "Gioconda," both in the Louvre, from the two colour prints provided, but to compensate for these and other minor weaknesses there is a remarkable series of reproductions of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel which are triumphs of modern photography under most difficult conditions and which are sufficient in themselves to make the book a major achievement.

The text, as before, is by Dr. Lionello Venturi and Rosabianca Skira-Venturi, translated by Stuart Gilbert, and attempts to reinterpret for the world of to-day the contribution of a decisive century to the art of painting. To what extent the authors have been wholly successful will, I think, depend to a considerable degree upon the attention which each individual reader is prepared to give to the closely reasoned and erudite arguments employed, for the book makes

look the form it did. Consequently we are tempted to be a trifle impatient when art historians discourse, however melliflously, of tendencies and moral climates—which is all the more reason why we should, for our better discipline, submit to Dr. Venturi's admirable exposition of the apparent chaos of the age of which he writes which, to a citizen of Florence or Milan, must have seemed no less insecure than our own.

The fall of the Medici, the sack of Rome, were by no means inconsiderable disasters to men caught up in them. "At the very moment when her art reigned everywhere supreme, Italy herself was

the Sistine Chapel, which can hardly fail to excite comment because of their obvious fidelity to the originals. No less impressive, to mention two very different types of painting, are first the detail of the Swiss soldiers from "The Mass of Bolsena," Raphael's fresco in the Vatican, and secondly, the hand and glove of the Unknown Man by Lorenzo Lotto in the Breda, Milan, in which every stroke of the brush can be seen almost as if one were standing in front of them. There are dangers in depending upon this sort of thing if one really wants to come to grips with fine painting, because if one studies trees too closely one fails to see the wood, and a good painter is more than the sum of his brush strokes. However, there is no easy way to the real enjoyment of masterpieces: that depends upon what one brings to them. Let it suffice that this splendid volume goes a very long way towards providing a stimulus.

Every generation forms its own standards, and I suppose that nothing marks off the ideals of to-day from those of yesterday so clearly as the modern opinion of Raphael, to his contemporaries and succeeding centuries the greatest of all painters, to most of us now the gifted exponent of a perfection so apparently effortless as to be sometimes insipid, a courtier who lived for beauty without fire, religion without mysticism, suavity without force, finish without profundity. "Raphael was a hot-house flower, and that hot-house was the Court of Urbino, forcing-bed of the 'perfect courtier.' And the Court of Leo X. implemented the ideal formulated at Urbino. Raphael was a handsome young man, diffident but amiable, a witty talker, a good table-companion, and also something of a grand seigneur. He rode around the town,



"THE CREATION OF ADAM" (DETAIL); BY MICHELANGELO (1475-1564). FROM THE CEILING OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN PALACE, ROME.

In his article Frank Davis calls attention to the remarkable quality of the reproductions of Michelangelo's frescoes in "The Renaissance," which he reviews. The authors note that: "By using apparatus specially built for the purpose we have succeeded in registering with absolute precision and fidelity the nuances of the tones and the exact texture of the surface of these frescoes. . . ."

Illustrations by permission of the publishers of "The Renaissance."

disintegrating." In fact, of course, the fuller one's knowledge of the events of the time, the easier it is to appreciate the life and work of any painter, and for that reason I could have wished that the authors had made greater concessions to the general ignorance of the political happenings of the period by devoting a chapter to the whole lamentable story. As it is, they take it for granted that their readers are familiar with the tangled web of intrigue, cruelty and power politics in which these great men were compelled to move, and to that extent are liable to write above the heads of their potential readers.

It is notoriously difficult to obtain an adequate impression of a large composition by means of a small reproduction, and no doubt for that reason a considerable proportion of the illustrations show small details only. These are wholly admirable and have been chosen with great perspicacity. I have already referred to the series from Michelangelo's frescoes in



"ISABELLA D'ESTE"; BY LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519). (24½ by 18 ins.) DRAWING. THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

"When he speaks of Leonardo in his 'Lives of the Painters,' Vasari almost uses the hushed tones of a man before an idol or a god." London now has the opportunity of seeing a superb exhibition of da Vinci drawings in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.

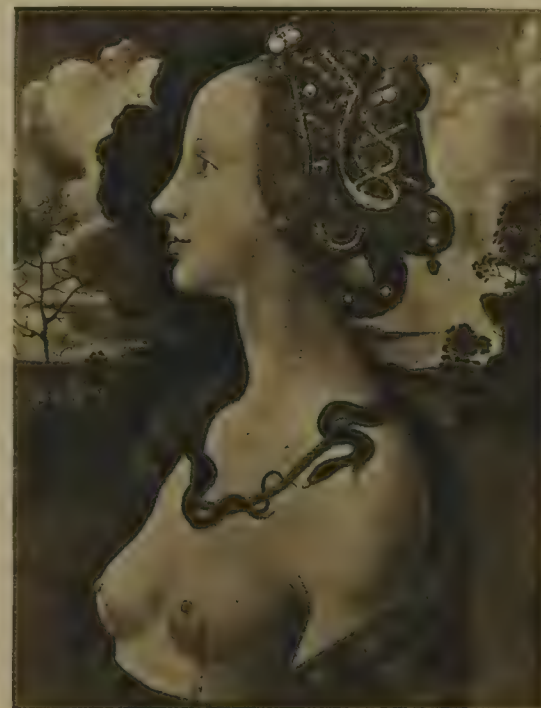
considerable demands upon both memory and patience. To some it will be a sumptuous reminder of half-forgotten splendours and little more, for many people prefer to look at great works of art rather than to theorise about them, and the greater the painter, the more firmly established his reputation, the less is commentary necessary.

That is an English, and consequently a lazy, point of view: it will cause some eyebrows to rise in these islands, and yet more on the Continent, but it is nevertheless true that we are not greatly enamoured of fervent intellectual probing of aesthetic values and prefer to look at a Raphael or a Titian as if it were created in a vacuum, a thing by itself, without conscious reference to the circumstances of the time or to the ethical or social forces which influenced its author. To put the point in a nutshell, what really interests us is how a picture affects us now, not what men thought about it when it was made, nor why it



"PORTRAIT OF ANTEA (?)"; BY PARMIGIANINO (1503-1540). (54½ by 34½ ins.) PINACOTECA, NAPLES.

"There is good evidence to show that we have here a likeness of Antea, the painter's mistress and one of the most famous courtesans of the day."



"LA BELLA SIMONETTA"; BY PIERO DI COSIMO (1462-1521). (22½ by 16½ ins.) MUSÉE CONDÉ, CHANTILLY.

"Of Piero di Cosimo's portraits that of Simonetta (in the Chantilly Museum) is one of the most famous. The snake entwining the gold necklace the young girl is wearing and the thundercloud in the background symbolise her tragic destiny."

followed by his retinue of pupils. Thus he embodied a social ideal, that of a community interested above all things in art. Moreover, the carefree hedonism of the life in the Italian courts, the absence of high moral standards, had the aesthetic merit of discouraging propensities to idealism, and encouraging the artist to give formal beauty a warm, palpitating life." Thus Dr. Venturi, in one of many shrewd passages. He continues: "'Detachment' as regards life and the world, effortlessly, almost unthinkingly practised—that is the secret of 'grace,' and that is Raphael's secret. And we do well to pause before deciding that this seems too trivial a factor to account for the art of one of the world's greatest painters and the climax of Renaissance culture. For surely in this consists that subtle dividing line which must be crossed for talent to blossom into genius, prose into poetry, and for life to be sublimated into art." And what if Raphael had lived and worked as long as Titian instead of dying young? Would that divine gift have broadened into something deeper, that fastidious detachment into a vision which would have set the world ablaze?

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Italian Painting: The Renaissance." Critical Studies by Lionello Venturi. Historical Surveys by Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. 105 Reproductions in full colour. (Albert Skira: distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer, Ltd.; £6 6s.)

THE FROZEN WORLD OF KOREA.



THE IMJIN RIVER JAMMED WITH ICE-BLOCKS: THE FREEDOM BRIDGE SPANNING IT WAS CLOSED WHILE ENGINEERS ATTEMPTED TO RELIEVE PRESSURE BY DYNAMITING ICE.



AMID THE ICE-FLOES OFF THE WEST COAST OF KOREA: THE COMMANDER OF H.M.S. MOUNTS BAY ON PATROL DUTY GUARDING THE STRATEGICALLY IMPORTANT ISLANDS.



SHOWING THE ICE-FLOES IN KOREAN SEAS: A MOTOR-BOAT FROM THE FRIGATE H.M.S. MOUNTS BAY BEING HOISTED ABOARD AFTER FORCING HER WAY THROUGH DANGEROUS WATERS.

Winter in Korea is a severe and cruel season which adds extra danger and much discomfort to United Nations troops on land and at sea. The severity of the conditions may be gauged by our photographs. The ice-jam on the Imjin River piled up against the Freedom Bridge spanning it between Panmunjom and Munsan, and caused such pressure that engineers had to attempt to relieve it by dynamiting the ice. Ice-floes render the coastal waters dangerous, and it is amid them that United Nations naval forces must patrol in order to guard the strategically important islands, many very close to shore. H.M.S. Mounts Bay is a frigate of the numerous "Bay" Class, which have shown excellent sea-keeping qualities in spite of considerable top weight carried, having ridden out China Sea typhoons.

ROYAL LOANS TO AN ART SHOW.

The interest and discriminating support which H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has long taken in contemporary art is well known, and she has now graciously consented to lend three important works from her collection to "Seventeen Collectors," an Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture from the private collections of members of the Executive Committee of the Society of Contemporary Art, of which she is Patron. The display is due to open at the Tate Gallery on March 20. The three Royal loans are a very beautiful Sisley; a still-life by Matthew Smith, the veteran painter, famous for his magnificent rich palette; and a particularly charming subject picture by Walter Richard Sickert, R.A. The Exhibition, though organised by the Contemporary Art Society, is not confined to living painters.



"THE FANCY DRESS BALL"; BY WALTER RICHARD SICKERT, R.A. (1860-1942). LENT BY H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER FOR EXHIBITION AT THE TATE.



"THE SEINE NEAR ST. CLOUD"; BY ALFRED SISLEY (1839-1899), TO BE EXHIBITED BY PERMISSION OF THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE "SEVENTEEN COLLECTORS" EXHIBITION.



"JUG AND APPLES"; BY MATTHEW SMITH, C.B.E. (b. 1879), LENT BY H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER TO THE CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY EXHIBITION.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CORMORANTS AND THE LIVING TIDE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

PRACTICALLY nobody looked at the cormorants in the top of the tall elm on the other side of the river. It may be that the strollers on the banks of the Thames at Kew on this sunny afternoon, on the first day of March, were just not interested in birds. Or it may be partly explained by the remarks of one young woman who admitted that she had come especially to look for them and had failed to find them. When I drew her attention to the five birds silhouetted in the upper branches, she confessed that she had not expected to see cormorants in trees.

It is, perhaps, something of an anomaly that here, in the heart of a hideously overbuilt portion of outer London, with the sprawling eyesore of a large gas-works a stone's-throw away, by the side of a muddy Thames, a group of sea-birds could be seen forming a delightful cameo in the filigree of the elm-twigs. And so few people took any notice of it!

There were a number of bird-watchers about, or perhaps I should say there were a number of people using binoculars, but their attention was focussed on the river-bank a little farther along. They had come, obviously, to see the purple heron. There was not much to be seen, it is true; no more than a slightly smaller edition of our common heron, but with a dark-brown plumage, a young bird lacking the more distinctive colours of the adult. Merely as something to look at, it was, in fact, far less pleasing to the eye than the score or so of common herons with which it was keeping company in the heronry in the grounds of Sion House. Even so, it was worth taking the walk to see it, for a purple heron is a rare wanderer to these islands. Its normal range is that part of the continent of Europe lying, roughly, south of the latitude bisecting the English Channel. Moreover, these visitors usually come to us in the period from April to October, and a winter visitor, like this one, is even more rare. It must be confessed that I too had come to see the purple heron, but I had also come to see the cormorants again, and for a particular reason: that I had been reading what Professor Berrill had to say about them, and so much had his words impressed me that I should have made this particular trip, purple heron or no.

To return to the cormorants: they are no strangers to London. There was the famous colony in St. James's Park that came to an untimely end a few years ago, victims of ignorant prejudice, so it is said. At all events, they disappeared suddenly. Many years ago there was the cormorant that achieved publicity by its habit of perching on the Houses of Parliament and fishing the Thames below. Another famous cormorant chose the cross high on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral as its perch. And why not? As Berrill so skilfully shows us, for all the bodily changes it has undergone, in spite of drawing its livelihood from the water, and despite its association with the sea, a cormorant is more of a land-bird, only barely amphibious and not to be considered truly aquatic by the usual criteria. In other words, primarily "it is a fisherman, which is by no means the same thing as a sailor."

It is a convenience, and a rough-and-ready classification, to think of birds in terms of those that live on or over the land and those living on or by water. The cormorant fits into the second, but only just. Its body is heavy and floats so low in the water that little more than the head and the long neck can be seen. This is in striking contrast to our usual idea of a sea-bird, such as a gull, that rides the waves like a cork, rests with ease on the water, and is capable of flying through a gale. A cormorant not only floats well submerged, it occupies this position only long enough to change the air in its lungs and in the air-sacs.

Its dives rarely last more than half a minute, and take place mainly in shallow water. Dewar records, in fact, that the longest known dive is 71 secs., and that 20 to 30 secs. are most frequent. As to depth, he found that the probable maximum was 31 ft., and the usual depth for fishing several feet less than this. A cormorant's daily fishing is done in spells of intense activity, followed by prolonged periods of idleness. The bird rarely flies for enjoyment

that absurdly statuesque way, with the wings held out to dry, perched on the rocks, the cliff, in trees, or on the high point of a building, for its wings seem to lack that protective coating of oil so necessary to the truly aquatic bird, or have it in a mild degree only.

I have often watched cormorants, either at rest or feeding, but few of these things had struck me, or struck me with such force, until reading what Dr. N. J. Berrill had to say about them in "The Living Tide" (Gollancz; 16s. 6d.), which is probably the most readable and fascinating book on marine

life I have read, from an author with a world reputation as a marine zoologist. A native of our own West Country, he has spent much of his time in Canada and in the U.S.A. Marine zoology was my first love, and should be my main interest, and I naturally turn to any book on the subject with a zest, but I do not recall having finished any other book with such a sense of satisfaction and of exciting exploration. Berrill's description of the cormorants occupies but a small part of his total text, and it is a tribute to his writing that, although the cormorants have been at Kew for some time, I should have been impelled to make a further trip to look at them merely from reading that short account. But whether he is writing of seals or squid, sea-anemones or sea-otters, there is a simplicity and sympathy that conveys understanding without the use of technical terms. Or if these are used, as they are sparingly, the author manages to slip them in, with their meanings, as if they were household words. It is a masterly work that could well serve as a model for any specialist wishing to put his subject before the layman.

In case a wrong perspective has been imparted by the space devoted to cormorants, may I hasten to add that the book, as its title suggests, is devoted mainly to truly aquatic marine organisms. Then why does it stand out so markedly from the many excellent books on the subject? Perhaps more especially because its author has contrived to speak of the commonplace without banality, and to introduce the unusual without making it sensational. Both kinds of information flow evenly, yet a good number of highlights find their way unobtrusively into the text. It was news to me, for example, that turtles eat jellyfish, even the notorious Portuguese man-of-war, "though they have sense enough to keep their eyes closed during the process." A trifle anthropomorphic, perhaps, but not misleadingly so. By contrast, a 50-lb. turtle makes a meal for a 13-ft. tiger shark. So we progress through sponges farmed out like cabbages, swarming of palolo, the habits of catfish, the exquisite beauty of newly-hatched squid and the dangers of collecting the abalone, with snatches of history, geography and mythology thrown in *en route*.

I feel sure that if Berrill had written of the gasworks at Kew he would have emphasised its beauty at dusk, against a grey sky, with the mist rising from the river, instead of calling it, as I have, an eyesore.

Before leaving this notice of Berrill's book I cannot resist the comment that I wish I had read it before writing my contribution to this page of two weeks ago. Then I was writing on animals that squeeze through cracks and crevices. The anecdote I would like to quote is appropriate to that, and moreover, illustrates the kind of story Berrill uses with such effect. "I once knew a naturalist who had caught a fair-sized octopus, a foot or so long, and took it into a street-car, safely confined within a wicker basket. Ten minutes later came a scream from the other end of the car, and sure enough the creature had squeezed through a half-inch crack and was sitting on the lap of an hysterical passenger."



RECALLING THE DELIGHTFUL CAMEO THAT DR. BURTON SAW DURING A RECENT VISIT TO KEW: YOUNG CORMORANTS IN THEIR NESTS IN DEAD TREES WHICH THEY ARE NOT YET ABLE TO LEAVE EXCEPT BY FALLING OUT.

In the article on this page Dr. Burton describes how, during a recent visit to Kew, he saw a group of cormorants forming a delightful cameo in the filigree of the elm-twigs on the other side of the river. In "The Living Tide," Dr. Berrill describes such a scene on an island off Maine: "On this island the trees still stand, no longer green but stark, tormented and bewitched by the long black birds that stand like frozen vultures on the branches. Each tree supported as many large nests as it could carry, but already there was a housing shortage, and the greater part of the colony had to build on rocks and ledges at the high edge of the island."

Photograph reproduced from "The Living Tide"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

of the flight itself or merely for the sake of looking round. There is rather the well-marked utilitarian character that it flies direct to its fishing place, or to its nest or roost, or to a place where it can dry off. And in this last we see perhaps the strongest point of distinction between a cormorant and the truly aquatic birds, exemplified by its habit of sitting in

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A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, for as the new copy arrives each week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packing and other difficulties which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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MATTERS MARITIME IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA, THE OPENING OF A NEW SURREY DOCKS BRIDGE.



DUE TO LEAVE LONDON ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ROUND AFRICA ON APRIL 4:
THE S.S. KENYA CASTLE SEEN DURING HER RECENT TRIALS.

The S.S. *Kenya Castle*, under the command of Captain A. G. V. Patey, is due to leave London on April 4 on her maiden voyage round Africa. Of 17,041 gross tons, the *Kenya Castle* is the fifth passenger vessel which the Union-Castle Line has added to its fleet since the end of World War II., and the third to carry all her passengers in one class. The *Kenya Castle* was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff Ltd., Belfast.



THE LARGE SINGLE-SCREW TANKER WHICH RAN SUCCESSFUL TRIALS OFF THE RIVER TYNE AT THE END OF FEBRUARY: THE S.S. BRITISH TALENT.

The large single-screw tanker S.S. *British Talent* which was constructed by Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie and Co., Ltd., to the order of British Tanker Co., Ltd., has been handed over. The ship is about 643 ft. long; breadth moulded 81 ft. and deadweight about 28,100 tons. The ship is of the single-deck type with poop, centre castle and fore-castle, with raked stem and cruiser stern; built under special survey for the carriage of petroleum in bulk.



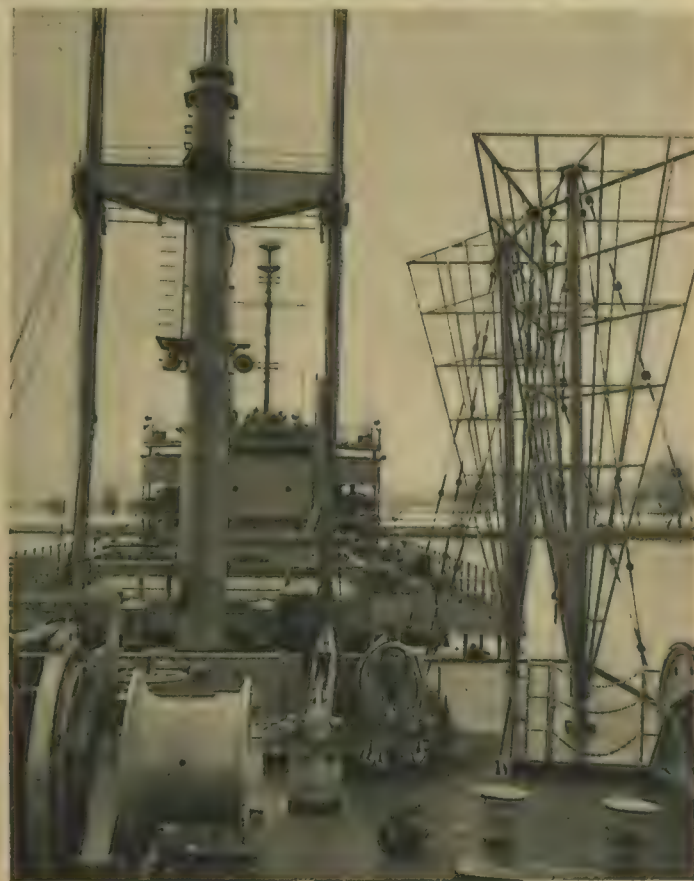
LORD WAVERLEY OPENING THE NEW SURREY DOCKS BRIDGE; MR. J. W. BOWEN IS STANDING ON THE LEFT, AND THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF BERMONDSEY ARE ON THE RIGHT.

(See picture on right.)



RECENTLY ACCEPTED INTO SERVICE: H.M.S. DARING, FIRST OF THE DARING CLASS, THE LARGEST DESTROYERS EVER ORDERED BY THE NAVY, ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH.

H.M.S. *Daring*, the first of the *Daring* class destroyers to be completed, hoisted the White Ensign at sea at the beginning of February, and was accepted from her builders, Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd., by the Commanding Officer, Captain E. Hale, R.N. H.M.S. *Daring* and the second of the class, the recently completed H.M.S. *Diamond*, together with their six sister-ships—all in various stages of construction—are the largest destroyers ever ordered by the Navy.



AMERICA'S FIRST SEA-GOING RADIO STATION: COURIER, SHOWING TWO OF THE SHORT-WAVE ANTENNAE (RIGHT).

President Truman boarded the Voice of America's new floating transmitter, the U.S. coastguard cutter *Courier*, at the municipal pier, Washington, on March 4. From its flight-deck he broadcast an address to the peoples of the world—and intended particularly for those living in the Soviet bloc. The President later inspected the 5,800-ton ship and had explained to him the 150,000-watt medium-wave transmitter.



OPENED BY LORD WAVERLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY: THE NEW ROLLING LIFT BRIDGE AT SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCKS.

Lord Waverley, formerly Sir John Anderson, Chairman of the Port of London Authority, on March 7 opened the new rolling lift bridge built by the L.C.C. across the Surrey Lock entrance to the Surrey Commercial Docks. The old Surrey Lock bridge—a swing bridge built in 1858—was damaged by bombs in 1940. The Mayor and Mayoress of Bermondsey were present at the ceremony, as well as Mr. J. W. Bowen, Chairman of the L.C.C.

IN THE NEWS: A BOAT RACE, A SUBMARINE ESCAPE TOWER, U.S. HELICOPTERS AND AIRCRAFT ACCIDENTS.



THE SCHOOLS' HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE: A SCENE WHILE THE RACE WAS IN PROGRESS ON MARCH 8. OVER 450 BOYS TOOK PART IN THIS ANNUAL EVENT.

Over 450 boys took part in the Schools' Head of the River Race on the Thames, which took place on March 8 over a course from Hammersmith to the Westminster School boathouse at Putney. The winners were Bryanston "A" crew. Our photograph shows Westminster "A" and City of London "A" (foreground).



TO BE USED FOR ESCAPE TRAINING FOR SUBMARINE CREWS: A 100-FT. TOWER WHICH IS NOW BEING COMPLETED AT GOSPORT.

A 100-ft. tower in which submarine crews will be taught how to escape if their ship is trapped on the sea-bed is being constructed at Gosport by the Admiralty. The tower will be filled with sea-water and the men under training will make an ascent in it wearing breathing apparatus. It is expected that it will be ready this summer.

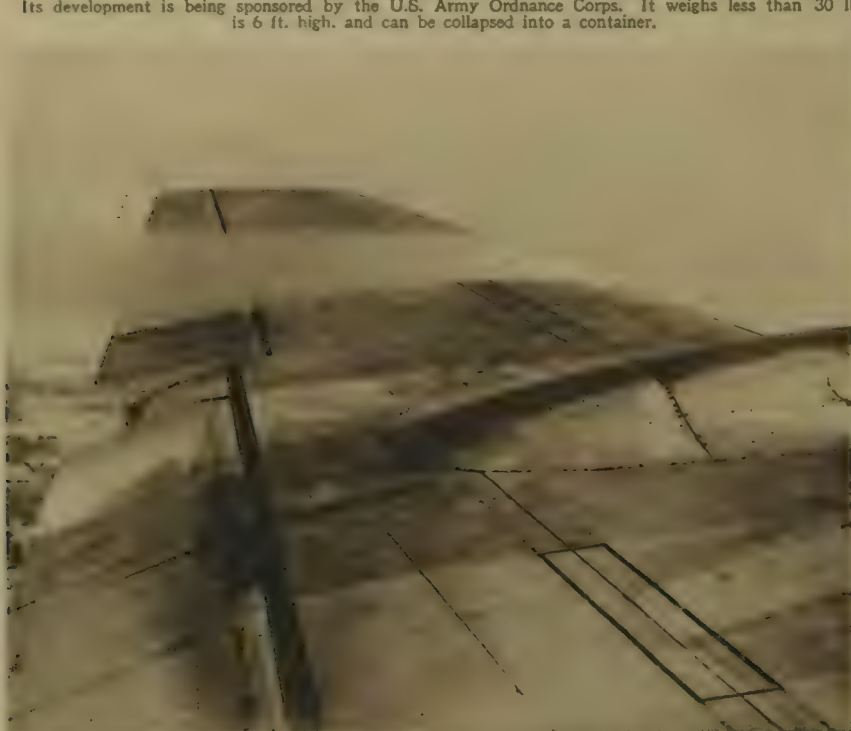


NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE HELICOPTERS FOR THE U.S. NAVY: SIX OF THE NEW AIRCRAFT EXECUTING A FORMATION TAKE-OFF AT PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

Helicopters are still in the news. We show (above) the HUP-2, twin-rotor craft, designed for the U.S. Navy for anti-submarine and shipboard utility use. Above (right) is a midget helicopter which can be dropped from a large aircraft, unpacked by two men, and put in the air in twenty minutes. Its development is being sponsored by the U.S. Army Ordnance Corps. It weighs less than 30 lb., is 6 ft. high, and can be collapsed into a container.



HALF-PINT SIZE: A NEW U.S. MIDGET HELICOPTER, WHICH WILL CARRY TWO MEN, SEEN LANDING SO THAT THE PILOT CAN DELIVER A MESSAGE.



FORCED DOWN BY A VULTURE: A B.O.A.C. ARGONAUT AIRLINER PHOTOGRAPHED BY A PASSENGER AFTER THE WING HAD BEEN STRUCK BY THE BIRD.

On March 3 the wing of a B.O.A.C. Argonaut airliner was struck by a vulture just after it had left Karachi, Pakistan. The photograph, taken by a passenger, shows petrol streaming over the port wing from a burst petrol tank. After the pilot had jettisoned the fuel over the sea, the aircraft made an emergency landing quite safely a few minutes later.



AN AIRCRAFT DISASTER AT NICE IN WHICH THIRTY-EIGHT PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: FIREMEN BESIDE THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIR FRANCE LANGUEDOC.

Enquiries are being held into the cause of the air crash at Nice on March 3, in which thirty-eight people lost their lives. Thirty-seven people, including thirteen Britons, were killed instantly when the aircraft crashed and burst into flames just after taking off for Paris. The only survivor died later in hospital. The first report that the aircraft flew into a flock of migrating birds is now regarded as disproved.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT was a sad occasion when we parted from our friend Hornblower, but it was also a deceptive one. For, having sunk in melancholy glory beneath one horizon, he promptly reappeared over the other; having set as an admiral, he rose untarnished as a midshipman. Yet that might well have been good-bye. The author then embarked upon a new sequence, in a contemporary setting. It looked a rather drab exchange—but now we find that it was not decisive. Now comes "Lieutenant Hornblower," by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.).

He shows no symptoms of fatigue; this is a vintage yarn, crammed with suspense, variety and action. Also, there is a variation in the point of view. We know our melancholy hero from the inside, but to Lieutenant Bush he is a stranger and a puzzle. They have just met on the *Renown*—Bush is its third lieutenant, Hornblower the fifth; and it is through the eyes of Bush that the amazing junior gradually reveals himself. Not that dear Bush is a profound observer; but he sees enough, and saves the treatment from monotony.

And I need hardly add that he has much to go on, right from the start. The ship is bound for the West Indies, and the captain is mad. He is convinced that all his officers are planning mutiny. Unless they really do, he will destroy them; and yet if they do, most probably they will be hanged. For he is not a raving maniac, and any court would be on his side.

Then by great luck—or if the fifth lieutenant could explain it, he is not speaking—this insane tyranny collapses. There will be questions later on, but for the moment Number One has a free hand. Only he lacks the heart to play it; he is scared stiff. Somehow, the junior has to coax him round; nerve him to read the secret orders: prompt, supervise, inspire—all with the nicest tact, the most impeccable submission. Fifth lieutenants should be seen and not heard.

The job is to reduce a Spanish fort on Hayti. Buckland has the first shot—and makes a shambles of it. Thenceforth it is the junior who decides and does. After a run of brilliant feats, he is rewarded with a near-miracle—promotion upon merit only. Then comes the downward lurch; a burst of peace, and a starvation interlude in Portsmouth. And when the wheel spins again, he has succumbed in gratitude and pity to his landlady's daughter.

As in all these tales, conviction, ingenuity and glamour are uniquely matched.

"And All I Learned," by Joanna Cannan (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), also resumes an old acquaintance, but on different lines. This is a study in exposure. Mildred, the horse-toothed, obstinate and stupid daughter of a tyrannical old snob, is on her own at last. She has divorced her too-aesthetic husband; she has found a nice flat; she has her cherub of a little boy. And to her own surprise, she is completely happy. Father was always snubbing her, and calling her a fool; but though not "brainy," she abounds in sense. And as for Mike, he will be nothing of a problem. He is a "real boy"—not a sissy like her husband. And she understands boys, she was brought up with two of them, and they were real.

In fact, they were oppressed young ruffians. For Dr. Oglethorpe, that social charmer, was a fiend under his own roof. Mildred grew up without a friend, since Father jeered at her about the dullards, and the brilliant girls had no use for her. Now, in her independence, she acquires a crony; and Dr. Oglethorpe protests in vain. But though she may reject his yoke, she has retained his standards. If Mike says "serviette" or "pardon" he must be reproved, though it is not his fault, of course. But if he fizzles ants alive, he is a "real boy." This is the ghastly record of his progress. He is an Oglethorpe without the brains, a little Jugger-naut; and Mildred is his prone sacrifice.

This writer has a neat and acid pen. And on the theme of class—not in the large, but in its minor shibboleths and shadings—she has no competitor. That is one reason why her dialogue is so alive. But it is not the only one; young Mike has hardly wit enough to be a snob, yet toads pop out of him with every sentence. A cool and squalid little narrative, but very brilliant.

"The Bed Disturbed," by Elbur Ford (Werner Laurie; 12s. 6d.), deals with a real-life murder of the last century. But not a "crime of passion" as you might infer. This is another kind of bed. The scene is a small town in Belgium, where Elodie, a shy, kind-hearted little spinster, lives with a good old servant in a trim little house. One day she enters the "unlucky shop"—a shop which always fails, and which is now a boot-shop and is failing again. She has no need of boots, but she is sorry for the woman. They begin to chat; and soon the black-eyed stranger is installed as her companion-housekeeper. Next comes the rout of the old servant. Of course, she grumbles at the change; and she has no discretion. Getting rid of her is child's play.

Euphrasie started off without a plan. Only, she wants the house. She wants a nest for her beloved sister, while there is still time: before her treasure can be snatched in marriage. And so the foolish Elodie must go. Not die, for then her family would scoop the lot; but somehow, plausibly, withdraw. She does; and there is not a ripple of suspicion in the whole town. The one small clue, if there were eyes to see it, is the bed of dahlias.

Really it was a frantic scheme, with a fantastic object. She is found out—rather too slowly in this version. The tale has atmosphere and interest, but it lacks vigour.

"Night at the Mocking Widow," by Carter Dickson (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), runs to the opposite extreme. The little village of Stoke Druid has an ancient monolith, known as the Widow; and a poison-pen, using the Widow as a sobriquet. After a period of hushing up, the boyish vicar goes into action. So, more superbly, does the great H.M. He gets a sealed-room mystery to play with, as a kind of extra; of course, he gets his bird; and both solutions are entirely unpalatable. In short, the story must be called a failure. But the high jinks—H.M. and his perambulating suitcase, and his mud-battle with the Bishop at the church bazaar—all this is vigorous to a degree.

CHESS NOTES.

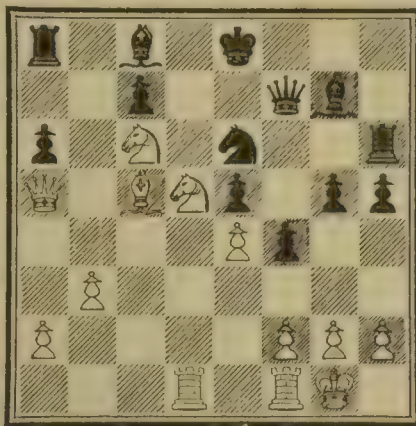
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOR a change, I am going to hold over the solutions of this week's two game-problems (which are from two recent games on the Continent) until next week. Both, I feel, merit some days' cogitation. When solutions are printed just beneath, few of us can resist the temptation to be lazy and "have a peep"—and then the stimulation of a bit of mental hard work is immediately lost.

White's move in the position first diagrammed was a "crusher." Black's reply was to resign; he might have played on for a move or two, but under a crippling disadvantage in material.

In the second, Black made a pretty sacrifice which kept White's queen on the run for the remaining eight moves of the game.

Black.



White.

White.



Black, to move.

Neither key move is easy to find. It helps a lot, however, to know that there is something there. I once set an earnest friend of mine a little problem like these, and he solved it at once. Faced with almost exactly the same possibility in a match game only a few days later, he overlooked it completely. To be on the alert for such opportunities throughout every minute of a five-and-a-half-hour session—that is the master's task!

(Faber; 50s.), is as painstaking and as interesting as his earlier "The Georgian Buildings of Bath." In the course of it, not merely an excellent history of Bristol emerges, but the architects, builders and craftsmen to whom we are indebted for so much magnificent work are brought to life again, and their contribution to Bristol's adornment properly assessed. The photographs with which the book is illustrated are as satisfying as the text.

For Kings and Governments may err
But never Mr. Baedeker.

Sir Alan Herbert's couplet forms an appropriate text for "London and Its Environs," the latest of a long series of Baedekers produced on the 150th anniversary of the birth of the original Karl Baedeker. As all blocks and records were destroyed in the bombing of Leipzig, this Baedeker (which is produced by Allen and Unwin at 15s.) is completely new and completely up to date. - E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ELIZABETH TO BAEDEKER.

WE shall, I fear, have heard more than our fill before long of our new Elizabethan age. Those who wish a picture of the impress of Elizabeth I. on her age cannot do better than read Dekker's account under "The General Terror that Her Death Bred" in "Three Elizabethan Pamphlets," edited by G. R. Hibbard (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). Dekker wrote: "The report of her death like a thunderclap was able to kill thousands, it took away hearts from millions. For having brought up, even under her wing, a nation that was almost begotten and born under her; that never shouted any other *Ave* than for her name, never saw the face of any prince but herself, never understood what that strange outlandish word *Change* signified; how was it possible, but that her sickness should throw abroad an universal fear, and her death an astonishment? She was the

courtier's treasure, therefore he had cause to mourn; the lawyer's sword of justice, he might well faint; the merchant's patroness, he had reason to look pale; the citizen's mother, he might best lament; the shepherd's goddess, and should not he droop?" Dekker's, of the three pamphlets here reproduced, is by far and away the most interesting, to my mind, of the three. It deals with "The Wonderful Year," 1603 (the title of the pamphlet), and the plague, nearly as great as that of 1625 and the Great Plague of 1665, which raged during it. It shows London in the throes of the pestilence and the reactions of her citizens of all degrees. It also gives a wonderful picture of late Elizabethan England. The other two pamphlets, however, fill in the picture admirably. They are "The Third and Last Part of Cony-Catching," by Robert Greene, and "Pierce Penilesse His Supplication to the Devil," by Thomas Nashe. The third and last part of Cony-Catching, i.e., the beguiling of the foolish by what we should now call the "spivs" and "wide" boys, was a favourite subject for pamphlets and pamphleteers almost up to our own time.

Mr. Vivian de Sola Pinto is the editor of another volume in Messrs. Harrap's Life, Literature and Thought Library, "English Biography in the Seventeenth Century" (10s. 6d.). The biographies he chooses are Izaak Walton's delightful life of George Herbert; the Earl of Rochester, by Gilbert Burnet (this must have been very close to Mr. de Sola Pinto's heart, as he is the author of the best extant "Life" of Rochester), and then no fewer than five of the best brief lives of John Aubrey. These include those of Lancelot Andrewes, Robert Boyle, Thomas Hobbes, Milton and Marvell. Like its twin, a splendid little book.

It was a happy thought on the part of the publishers of "Golden Ages of the Great Cities" (Thames and Hudson; 28s.) to hit on this novel book, which is neither an historical anthology nor a mere collection of essays. The phrase "Western Civilisation" is much in the mouths of international politicians these days, though too often one cannot help feeling that what they in fact mean is "Middle Western Civilisation." Nevertheless, it is a phrase which has a meaning and validity for the civilised European with an historical sense. Sir Ernest Barker in his introduction to this book said that he had often dreamed "of attempting a work on the theme of the 'culture-cities of Europe.'" His plan had always "capsized" because once he began to get out his list of cities he found that it was impossibly long. He is therefore, he says, the more delighted to introduce a "plan which has not capsized." And how splendidly the publishers have chosen both authors and subjects! Sir Maurice Bowra opens the ball with Athens in "The Periclean Age," and is followed by Jerome Carcopino with a scholarly and delightful chapter on "Rome Under the Antonines"—a favourite subject with me, as I suppose that the period of the Antonines was the nearest thing to the Golden Age which this world has ever known. Rome has a second cut off the joint with a description of "Rome of the Popes" (by which is meant the Renaissance Popes), by Cecil Sprigge. Paris likewise gets in twice, once in the chapter on "Medieval Paris," by David Douglas, and again in the wholly admirable "Paris, Versailles and the 'Grand Siècle,'" by Jacques Chastenet. Harold Acton is on his own ground in his chapter on "Medicean Florence." Chapters on "Madrid under the House of Austria," an elegant one on "Vienna under Metternich," by Alan Pryce-Jones, and a learned one by an expert on his subject—Stephen Runciman on "Christian Constantinople"—lead up to Roger Fulford's excellent "Jubilee London"—the London of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee; and so to a triumphant conclusion with Mr. Robert Waithman's "Twentieth-century New York." The writers are to be congratulated on the distinction of their contributions, the publishers on the excellence of their idea.

"I think this story will live as long as Bristol is a city," wrote John Aubrey in recounting a deliciously indelicate anecdote about a widow who lived and loved in the great West of England port. Alas, the Germans did their best to ensure that a large part of Bristol almost ceased to exist. Sufficient of it still remains, however, to give one a reminder of what the city was before the German bombers visited it. Mr. Walter Ison's latest book, "The Georgian Buildings of Bristol"

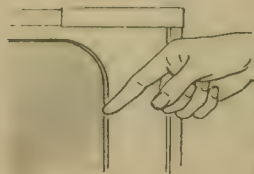
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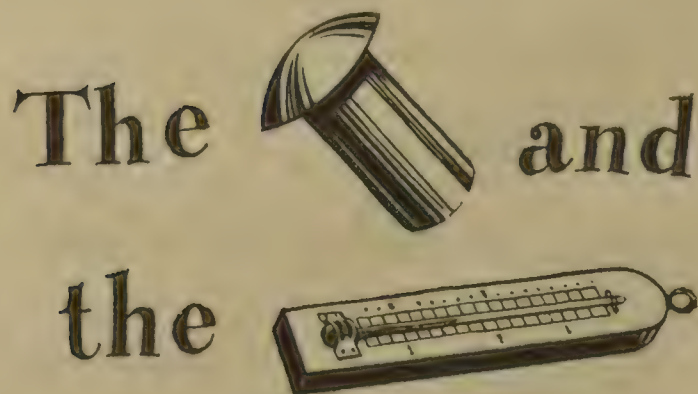
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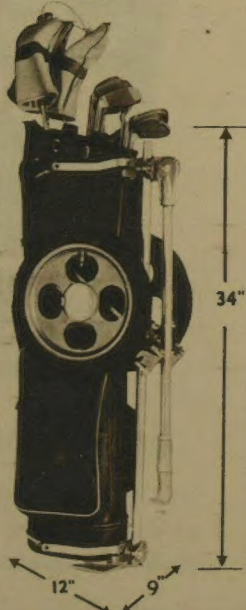


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